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FOUR SHILLINGS

The SPHERE

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARGARET

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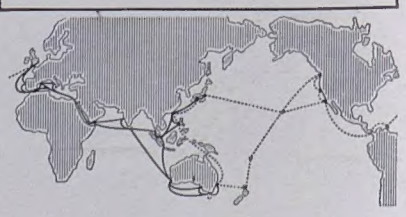

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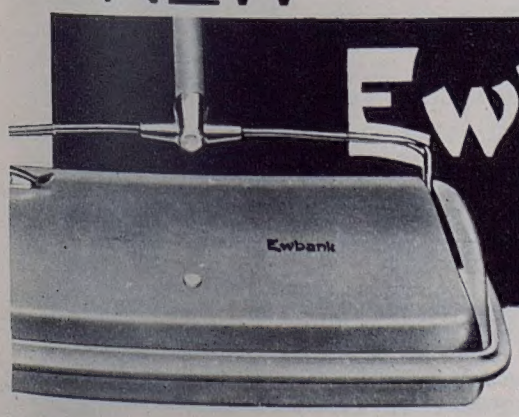

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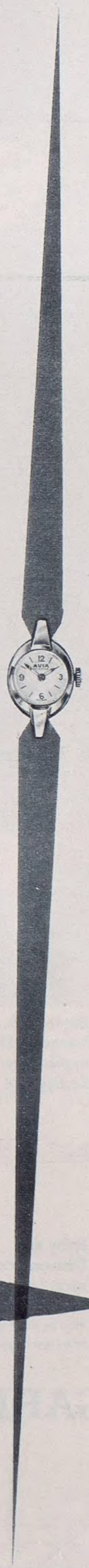

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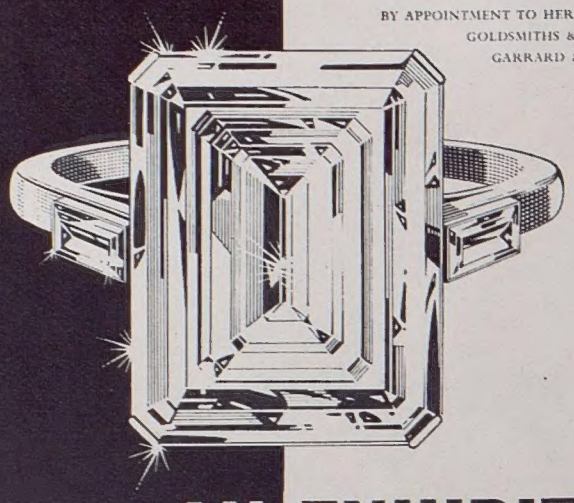

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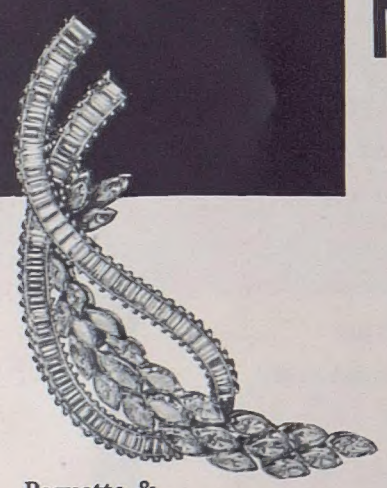

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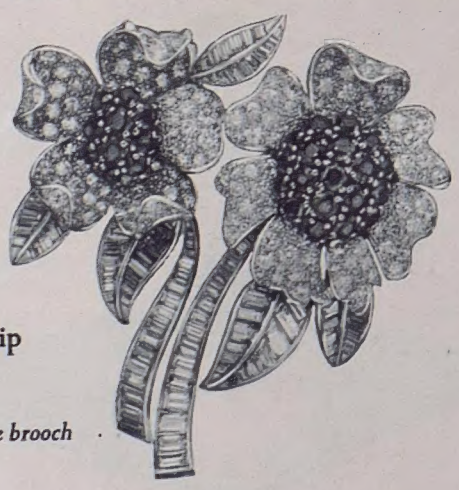

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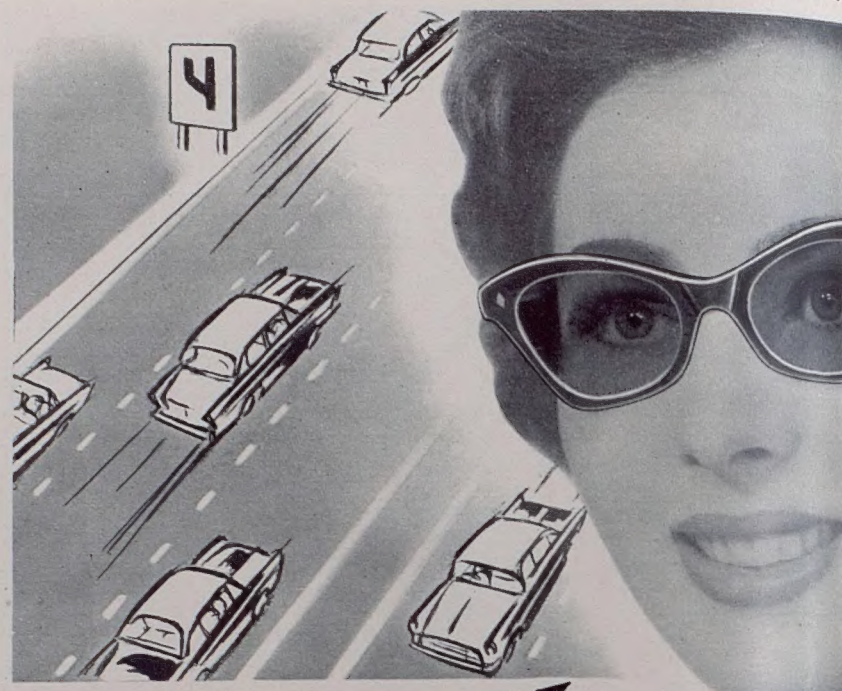

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Volume CCXLI No. 3128 LONDON, May 14, 1960

THE SPHERE

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

MAN and WIFE

Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones are about to leave Westminster Abbey after their marriage. They had walked in procession from the Chapel of King Edward the Confessor where they had signed the registers in the presence of the members of the Royal Family and the parents of the bridegroom. Outside the Abbey waves of cheering greeted the newly-married couple as, in bright sunshine, they set out on the drive to Buckingham Palace. Just about an hour earlier Her Royal Highness had entered the Abbey accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, who gave her away. The marriage was solemnised by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was assisted by the Dean of Westminster and other clergy. In place of an address the Dean read a portion of scripture from St. Matthew's Gospel. Back at Buckingham Palace the bride and bridegroom, with other members of the Royal Family, appeared on the balcony to acknowledge the cheers of the thousands in the Mall. Later, Princess Margaret and her husband left the Palace by car to drive through the City of London to embark in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* for their honeymoon at sea

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THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION

IN THE GLASS COACH Princess Margaret and Prince Philip turn from The Mall into Horse Guards Parade. In the carriage behind were the Hon. Iris Peake and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Ladies in Waiting to Princess Margaret; Major the Hon. Francis Legh, Private Secretary to Princess Margaret, and Mr. James Orr, Private Secretary to Prince Philip. The Bridal Procession from Clarence House to Westminster Abbey was escorted by a Captain's Escort of the Household Cavalry. The balconies of the clubs and other buildings on the Mall were crowded with spectators and among those standing by the roadside to cheer were many onlookers from Commonwealth countries. People had begun gathering on the pavements along the route to Westminster Abbey on the evening before the wedding. As is always the case on such occasions, the St. John Ambulance Brigade was early on the scene to give assistance where and when necessary.

Arrivals at Clarence House on the morning of the wedding day were watched with interest. Among the first was Princess Margaret's hairdresser. Shortly before 11 a.m. Prince Philip, who was to give the bride away, drove by car from Buckingham Palace to Clarence House. At much the same time the bridesmaids drove by car from the Palace to the Abbey. Then, before the bridal carriage procession, came the splendour of the procession of the Queen and the Queen Mother. In the carriage immediately following them was the Queen of Denmark. On the return from the Abbey, the bride and bridegroom's procession preceded that of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Foreign Royal guests, the Royal Family and the bridegroom's family.

Soon after the start of the reception at Buckingham Palace, Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones appeared on the balcony. The conclusion to the memorable day was the drive by car of the married couple to Tower Bridge where they embarked in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* for their honeymoon. Friday, May 6, was marked by the finest of weather which enabled the vast crowds who had gathered to watch the Royal wedding to enjoy to the full the spectacle of pageantry and colour. Reports indicated that there had been no hitch in the arrangements which required planning to the last detail.

PRINCESS MARGARET smiles as she drives out from Clarence House at the start of the carriage procession to Westminster Abbey. Her white tulle veil is held in place by a diamond tiara. Driving with her in the Coach was the Duke of Edinburgh

SUN, SMILES AND CHEERS

Right: THE GLASS COACH is entering The Mall from the road leading to Clarence House. This was the first view the public had of the Princess in her wedding dress of white silk organza. Men of the Services lined the route to the Abbey and bands were stationed at very frequent intervals

FROM ADMIRALTY ARCH, the camera looks down on the scene in The Mall as the procession heads towards Buckingham Palace on the last stage of its return journey. In the picture *above right*, the Glass Coach is seen after passing St. Margaret's Church, a few moments before the arrival at the West door of the Abbey shortly before 11.30 a.m.

Right: THE BRIDE is accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh as they drive through the crowded streets on their way to the Abbey. This was the final procession before the start of the service in the Abbey. After the service the bride and her husband drove to the Palace in the same coach at the head of the procession. The Queen and Prince Philip were in the Alexandra Coach with the Queen Mother

THE QUEEN WAVES from Queen Alexandra's State Coach as it passes across Horse Guards Parade on the way from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. With the Queen were the Queen Mother and Prince Charles

THE QUEEN'S COACH

Left: THE ROYAL COACH turns down Whitehall from Horse Guards Arch, past the buildings decked with flags

Right: IN A BROAD SWEEP of pageantry in the May sun, the Queen's procession turns into Horse Guards Parade from the Mall. Behind Queen Alexandra's State Coach is the second coach carrying the Queen of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. They are accompanied by a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry

IN THE ABBEY

PRINCESS MARGARET is escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh up the aisle. They have just passed the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Behind them are the bridesmaids in pairs, Lady Virginia FitzRoy and Catherine Vesey, Sarah Lowther and Angela Nevill, Lady Rose Nevill and Annabel Rhodes, and Marilyn Wills and Princess Anne. *Right*—The procession of the Queen and the Queen Mother passes the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. From extreme bottom left are Prince Richard of Gloucester; Lord Steward, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Scarbrough; and Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort. Behind the Queen Mother, the Queen and Prince Charles, are the Queen of Denmark, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duchess of Gloucester; Mary, Duchess of Devonshire; the Earl of Airlie; and the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland; Sir Arthur Penn; Lieutenant-Col. Sir Michael Adeane; and Lieutenant-Col. Martin Gilliat

THE ROYAL LEGACY

By
JOHN GORE

The whole nation and uncountable thousands overseas were thinking of Princess Margaret on her wedding day. A majority, perhaps, watched the ceremony obliquely. All were wishing her and her bridegroom the happiest future and the very best that life can afford to those who know how to enjoy with zest and discrimination the sweets of life, and to bear with philosophy and patience such blows of fate as fall on most human beings. These things can best be achieved in happy partnership of minds attuned, who share the secret that work which is a hobby and duty cheerfully done is the chief key to Life's jewel-house.

Per ardua ad astra is the accepted rule for all the human race save the very luckiest. Princess Margaret has had her share of trouble and won through it with courage and serenity to a happy issue out of affliction. Her childhood was perhaps more happy and unrestrained by protocol than that of any Princess of the Royal House of any generation. Her upbringing could not have been more sensible, simple and admirable, under the guidance and influence of her parents and of an elder sister whose character from infancy was a model and inspiration; and, as she grew up, she could, and did, choose her own friends.

THIS PRE-WAR FAMILY GROUP was taken in March 1939, when Princess Margaret (on the right) was eight years old. Her sister, then Princess Elizabeth and heir presumptive to the Throne, was twelve. The two Princesses remained in England when their parents made their historic visit to Canada and the United States in the early summer

With the exception of the family of Edward VII, the nursery and schoolroom years of sovereigns' children left no very happy memories. King Edward's children were certainly indulged in childhood and lived in an atmosphere of constant love and petting which probably spoiled them, and certainly turned them into a mutual admiration society; but even for them hard days followed. Look back to and from the days of George III and the tragedies of a majority of his six daughters! Protocol and the King's own jealous doting made havoc of most of their lives. Three died unhappy and unmarried. Three were married to conventionally acceptable Royalties. Some of them were persecuted by scandalmongers, and none of them left issue.

William IV's children were morganatically sired, latterly rather plagued him, and need not be considered. Queen Victoria, though genial on occasions, was not a sympathetic mother. She sometimes admitted that her children bored her. She certainly sacrificed many of them to her lifelong devotion to her husband and to her lonely and exalted "job." In the end all save one were married to Royalties, exalted or minor. One, Princess Louise, broke new ground. With the Queen's approval ("a little new blood would do no harm") she married Lorne. There was no issue, but the marriage conceded that a British duke might be accepted as suitable for a sovereign's daughter.

Edward VII's daughter, Louise, wed Lord Fife, who was made a duke. Perhaps he had been wiser to keep out of the City, not being well qualified for finance and business. Princess Mary, only daughter of George V, with the fullest approval, "dropped" to the rich heir of an earldom, and brought into the Royal Family a good deal of artistic talent and a wide connection-by-marriage with the sovereign's subjects. With her George V was perhaps most in sympathy, among his children. His earlier relations with his sons was a tragedy which needs no stressing. And now at last eighteenth-century protocol concerning "men, women and Royalties" has reached complete democratisation, and with all the warmth of approval with which Queen Victoria, in exercise of her discretion under the Royal Marriage Act, gave her daughter to the future Duke of Argyll, Queen Elizabeth has given her approval to her sister's marriage to a "plain Mister." It is very well, and was cordially welcomed, as auguring well for Princess Margaret's happiness, which she deserves, and as a proof of the Monarchy's continual readjustments in step with the advance of modern democratic practice and opinion.

The Princess and her bridegroom are both intelligent, sharing a wide range of interests, full of zest for living, liberal-minded and far from conventional in their tastes and choice of friends; both possess a high standard of responsibility and sense of duty in religion and service. Both have strong characters and (some have suggested) it will be interesting to see whether, as time passes, the Court of St. James's or the Court of Bohemia will claim their chief allegiance. For my part, I see no likelihood of any such tug-of-war. Princess Margaret has always admirably carried out her ceremonial duties as a Royal Princess and, it is

(*Continued on following page*)

ON NOVEMBER 20, 1947, Princess Margaret stands on the balcony of Buckingham Palace after the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. The other members of the Royal Family are King George, Queen Elizabeth (now Queen Mother) and Queen Mary. Princess Margaret was one of her sister's eight bridesmaids; there were also two pages

Right—PRINCESS ELIZABETH in Guide uniform, and Princess Margaret, in Brownie uniform, are with their parents during the review of 1,000 Girl Guides at Windsor in June 1938. On the left is the Princess Royal

THE ROYAL LEGACY

(*Continued from previous page*)

believed, valued and enjoyed them. Mr. Armstrong-Jones from the first showed considerable tact, dignity, unself-consciousness and good manners, in playing his difficult minor role on such occasions.

One has only to look back to the history and memoirs of the last 150 years to marvel at the changes in the nation's attitude to its monarchy and to appreciate the reasons for its present, still increasing, popularity. Queen Victoria restored the respectability of the throne. Lacking or neglecting personal charm after girlhood, she bestowed no charms upon it. For years she was very unpopular, and almost all her life invested it with dullness. The Diamond Jubilee raised her to a legend and gave her name to a century of rare peace and great prosperity. Her son, Edward VII, in an era of showmanship, restored to the throne a brilliance and attraction it had not known for centuries.

Then followed a series of monarchs who, living in times of mortal danger and swift revolutions, by sheer strength of character and sense of duty added strength and substance to a brilliant façade, and managed to adapt a very fine period piece, designed by ideas long since rejected, to harmonise with modern, utility furniture.

Thrones have tumbled in the last half-century and thrones have shrunk. To-day, when romantics conjure up the idea of a Fairy Princess, they usually have in their minds an English Princess. We order these things very well in England. We are superb showmen in Royal ceremonial. And we must never forget the social and political value of a smile. A very remarkable one was brought into the Royal Family when the 14th Earl of Strathmore's youngest daughter married the Duke of York. Her mother had it, calm, serene, sympathetic. Her elder sisters had it. Her daughters have inherited it.

It is worth examining into the reasons for the astonishing popularity of Royal functions and ceremonies to-day, quite apart from public respect and affection for the admirable sense of duty and service which distinguishes our Royal Family.

The truth is, our monarchy, on its ceremonial side, is our modern fairy-story. If essentially the veil of the temple is rent and much of the mystery of the throne dissipated, the Royal Family on ceremonial occasions are more than ever a " race apart." They relive for us for a brief, occasional hour, a lost world of splendour, which was shared by some of the sovereign's subjects quite recently and which all have read about.

What Royal ceremonial offers us to-day is the " transformation scene " in the Victorian pantomime, " all a wonder and a dear delight " which impressed our young minds and still retains the radiance of fairyland.

Small wonder, then, if many of the duties which fall on ladies of the Royal Family can combine considerable pleasure with stern duty. Most women would enjoy opening a window into fairyland and standing framed in the glowing light. To-day we have the advantages of half-a-dozen Royal ladies whom Nature has equipped to adorn such a role. In that galaxy, we may confidently expect that Princess Margaret will continue to perform a star part.

THE ROYAL SMILE

AT MANCHESTER, Princess Margaret smiles in appreciation as she receives a bouquet at the opening ceremony of the City's Royal Exchange in November 1953. The building had been badly damaged by bombing in 1940

THE PRINCESS is dancing at a ball at the Hurlingham Club in the summer of 1958. It was one of a series of engagements in the weeks following her visit to the West Indies

PRINCESS MARGARET attends a State dinner at Government House, Belize, during her visit to British Honduras in 1958. She was the first member of the Royal Family to visit the colony

TOWARDS THE END OF 1958 the Princess arrives at a London hotel to attend the ball in aid of the Dockland Settlements, of which Her Royal Highness is President

EARLY DAYS

Above—The charming picture of Princess Margaret was taken at the time of her second birthday on August 21st, 1932

On left—In April 1940, the young Royal sisters pose for the photographer in Windsor Great Park. It was the fourteenth birthday of Princess Elizabeth

Below—In the summer of 1944 Princess Margaret draws her rations during a Girl Guide camp "somewhere in England"

Above—With her parents and sister she attends a service at St. Mary's Church, Eastbourne, Sussex, in 1936

On left—In 1940, the ten-year-old Princess joins her sister at the microphone for a broadcast to children of the British Commonwealth

Below—In January 1942, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret take part in a pantomime in aid of the Royal Household Comforts Wool Fund

A MOMENTOUS DAY IN THE LIFE OF PRINCESS MARGARET: The six-year-old Princess joins her parents and sister in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace for an official picture after the Coronation at Westminster Abbey on May 12, 1937. The two Princesses took part in the processions inside the Abbey and watched the crowning of their parents from the Royal box on the south side of the Sanctuary, directly facing the Coronation theatre. They also went out on the balcony of the Palace to wave to the great crowds of people assembled in the Mall. For the two Princesses the succession of their father was a major turning point in their lives. In 1951, Princess Margaret was appointed one of the Counsellors of State during her father's serious illness from which he never fully recovered. He died within a few months, in February 1952

ON JUNE 9 1938, Queen Mary drives with her grandchildren, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, to the Horse Guards Parade to watch the ceremony of Trooping the Colour. In September, the Princesses watched their mother launch the liner *Queen Elizabeth*

A CAREER OF DUTY AND SERVICE

By
CHARLES DIMONT

IN THE UNIFORM OF A SEA RANGER, Princess Margaret attends an All-England Ranger Rally in 1946

IN OCTOBER 1947, the Princess returns to London after a visit to Northern Ireland where she had launched the liner *Edinburgh Castle*

Princess Margaret was born at Glamis Castle, in Scotland, on August 21, 1930. She was the first princess in direct line of succession to the Throne to be born in Scotland for 300 years. She was given the names of Margaret Rose. There have been many Royal Margarets in the history of Britain, including a number of Queens of Scotland, but the name was out of fashion in Royal circles from 1598 (James I's daughter, who died in infancy) to 1882, when the eldest child of the Duke of Connaught was baptised Margaret. Forty-eight years were to elapse before there was another Princess Margaret.

The second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York was known throughout the early years of her life by both her names as Margaret Rose. With her sister Elizabeth, four years her senior, her time was divided between her parents' homes in Piccadilly, London, Royal Lodge, at Windsor, and Birkhall, in Scotland. People passing along Piccadilly would sometimes look up and see the two little girls peering from a window. One of Princess Margaret's first public appearances was in 1933 when she and her sister went with their mother and grandmother, Queen Mary, to a sale of work by disabled servicemen. Both Princesses also played their parts in such Royal occasions as the weddings of the Duke of Kent, in 1934, and the Duke of Gloucester, a year later.

In 1936 a great change came in the future prospects of the two children because of the abdication of King Edward VIII and the accession to the throne of the Duke of York as George VI. Princess Elizabeth became heir-presumptive to the Crown and Princess Margaret second in succession. Their parents continued on the lines of the sensible upbringing for them which had already been started but the two Princesses inevitably came more into the public eye.

The outbreak of the Second World War brought another change in the lives of the Royal children. Before the end of hostilities, Princess Elizabeth had joined the A.T.S. Princess Margaret passed most of the war years at Royal Lodge or Windsor Castle. She carried on with her education and gave much time to rolling bandages, knitting comforts and helping the war effort in every possible way she could. She progressed from the Brownies to the Girl Guides. On the lighter side there were the annual Christmas pantomimes, in which the Princess displayed her marked talents for music and acting, and there was riding. From early childhood she shared her sister's enthusiasm for horses. In 1944 Princess Margaret won a silver cup at the Royal Windsor Horse Show with her pony Gipsy. This was also an important year in another respect.

ROYAL BRIDESMAIDS: In October 1946, the two Princesses arrive at Romsey Abbey, Hampshire, for the marriage of Lord Brabourne and Patricia Mountbatten, daughter of Lord and Lady Mountbatten

IN SOUTH AFRICA, IN 1947, King George VI and his two daughters are photographed in the Natal National Park during the extensive Royal Tour

1951 AND 1952: The Princess attends a wedding and (at top) drives in the procession at Ascot

IN SCOTLAND, the Royal Family acknowledge the welcome of crowds of people at Kelso. The visit to Scottish towns in July 1947, was made shortly after the engagement of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten

The Princess made her debut as a speaker, in expressing thanks after accepting purses from pupils of the Princess Margaret School at Windsor.

The year 1946 saw a major step forward in the career of the Princess. She fulfilled her first "solo" public engagement. Unaccompanied by any other members of the Royal Family, she visited two junior clubs under the control of the Save the Children Fund at St. Pancras and Bethnal Green. *The Sphere* recorded her "charmingly informal manner."

The highlights of 1947 were the Royal Tour of South Africa, on which both Princesses accompanied their parents, and the engagement and marriage of Princess Elizabeth. In South Africa Princess Margaret was constantly in the limelight and learnt something of the arduous nature of Royal tours. In Westminster Abbey, in November, she was chief bridesmaid at the wedding of her sister. By the time she reached the age of eighteen the Princess was fully embarked upon her career of public duties. In September 1948 she represented the King at the Proclamation of Queen Juliana as monarch of the Netherlands in Amsterdam.

The war and its aftermath had hitherto prevented the Princess from travelling at leisure abroad. In 1949 she enjoyed her first Continental holiday, touring in France, Switzerland and Italy. In the following year a random glance at pictures in *The Sphere* gives some indication of how busy she was in her public engagements. She visited Lancashire (Manchester, Warrington, St. Helens and Wigan); she presented prizes at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury; she was at the coming-of-age party of the Sadler's Wells Ballet; in Scotland she visited the Bowerswell Home for Old People in Perth; she planted a tree outside the Imperial Forestry Institute in Oxford and spent an afternoon at the King Edward VII Hospital for Officers in London.

After her father's death and the accession of her sister to the Throne, the Princess's duties became still more onerous. In 1953 she flew with her mother to Southern Rhodesia for the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition and in the following year her engagements outside Britain included a visit to British Service units in West Germany. In 1955 she

(*Continued on following pages*)

PRINCESS MARGARET, carrying a miner's helmet, and wearing overalls, walks from Calverton mine, in Nottinghamshire, after her visit to the coal face in April 1954. While underground she wielded a pick and hacked herself a piece of coal

IN POPLAR, EAST LONDON, in October 1955, the Princess is with the Rector of Poplar after opening the Community Centre of the Church of St. Nicholas and All Hallows

THE ROYAL SISTERS are accompanied by the Duke of Beaufort as they leave Badminton House, in Gloucestershire, for an early morning ride. They were staying at Badminton last year for the three-day International event

WEARING CAP AND GOWN, Princess Margaret waves as she leaves Senate House, Cambridge, in November 1958, after receiving an honorary degree. She is walking with Lord Adrian

(*Continued from previous page*)

made her first major tour of a Commonwealth territory. She travelled to the West Indies, where the people soon dubbed her " the Sunshine Princess." She returned to the West Indies in 1958 to open the first Legislature of the Caribbean Federation in Trinidad. Two years before this, she had made another Commonwealth tour, in East Africa, to the peoples of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and Mauritius. Besides her second visit to the West Indies in 1958, she toured Canada.

There could never be any question that she has not inherited that understanding and sympathy with ordinary people which has, throughout this century, been a characteristic of the British Royal Family. A typical instance of this was reported in December 1957. The Princess had opened new buildings at a school in Lewisham when she learnt that in a nearby hospital were many of the victims of the disastrous train crash which had recently occurred between St. John's and Lewisham station. At once she altered her programme for the day and drove to the hospital and visited the injured in the wards.

It would require several volumes to record in detail the legion of peoples and places honoured by the presence of Princess Margaret. Something of her extensive range of interests can be seen from the list of her appointments. They include Colonel-in-Chief of numerous regiments both in Britain and in Commonwealth countries; the Chief Ranger of the British Commonwealth; Commandant-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (Ambulance and Nursing Cadets); the Presidency of University College of North Staffordshire, of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, of the Scottish Children's League, of the N.S.P.C.C. and of the Church of England Youth Council.

Throughout the 1950's there was much speculation about when and whom the Princess would marry. At the end of February 1960 this was ended with the announcement that she was engaged to Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. The public was caught by surprise. Very rightly reaction all over the world was to send immediately best wishes to the Princess, who has for so long set so high a standard of public service.

THE COMMANDANT-IN-CHIEF OF THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE smiles as she hands a Meritorious Service Award to a cadet. The presentation took place in July of last year when the Princess attended the St. John Ambulance Brigade Cadets Rally at Guildford, in Surrey. In the following month the Princess celebrated her twenty-ninth birthday when she was photographed by Antony Armstrong-Jones

THE CHILDHOOD OF ANTONY CHARLES ROBERT ARMSTRONG-JONES: On the *left* he is cradled in his mother's arms while his sister, Susan Anne, stands at the side of the chair. *Centre*—In 1932, Antony wears a miniature replica of a nineteenth-century uniform when acting as page at a wedding. *Right*—In the group taken in 1939, he is with his mother, sister and grandmother

BRIDEGROOM TO THE PRINCESS

Antony Charles Robert Armstrong-Jones was born on March 7, 1930, and is thus just over five months older than his wife. His father is Mr. R. O. L. Armstrong-Jones, M.B.E., Q.C., who took silk in 1954, and his mother, a sister of Mr. Oliver Messel, the designer, is now the Countess of Rosse. There is one other child of the marriage, Lady de Vesci. Mr. R. O. L. Armstrong-Jones was High Sheriff of Caernarvonshire in 1936.

A. C. R. Armstrong-Jones was educated at Sandroyd School, Tollard Royal, near Salisbury, and at Eton. From there he went to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he came into the public eye as cox of the Cambridge eight in the 1950 Boat Race.

On going down from Cambridge, the future husband of Princess Margaret became a professional photographer, specialising in society portraits. He learnt his craft, which he had enjoyed as a hobby as a schoolboy, in the studio of the famous Baron. In 1956 he was invited to take the official portraits on the occasion of the coming of age of the Duke of Kent. Later he was asked to Buckingham Palace to photograph the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. It was also in 1956 that he held a one-man exhibition in London. In the next year he had two books published. One was a collection of photographs of London. The subject of the other was Malta. In this latter book he collaborated with Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell.

MR. RONALD ARMSTRONG-JONES, Q.C., the father of the bridegroom, was High Sheriff of Caernarvonshire in 1936

THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE, mother of the bridegroom, is the sister of Mr. Oliver Messel, the designer

LADY DE VESCI, his only sister, was married in 1950, to Mr. John Vesey, who succeeded to the title in 1958

Another field in which Mr. Armstrong-Jones specialised was the stage.

In 1958 he extended the range of his activities to dress-designing and put on a show of ski-clothes. He used plenty of colour in his outfits and was reported as saying that he was of the opinion that ski clothes "must be gay." In the meantime he was continuing to establish himself as a court photographer. Last year he was responsible for the only official picture to be released to the Sunday newspapers to mark the twenty-ninth birthday of Princess Margaret.

Early this year Mr. Armstrong-Jones was a guest of the Royal Family at Sandringham. He spent more than a week shooting partridge and pheasant in parties led by Prince Philip.

His engagement to Princess Margaret was announced on February 26. At the same time it was learnt that Mr. Armstrong-Jones had for some weeks been winding-up his photography business and that he would be doing no more professional photographic work.

SONS OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ROSSE: Half-brothers of the bridegroom, they are Lord Oxmantown (left), heir to the sixth Earl of Rosse, and the Hon. Desmond Parsons

IN 1950, Antony Armstrong-Jones (Jesus College) was the cox of the victorious Cambridge eight in the Boat Race

DURING HIS LIFE AS A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones rented a room at The Little Midshipman (*left*), at Rotherhithe. His studio (*right*) was next to a laundry in Pimlico Road, S.W.

HENLEY 1950—Mr. Armstrong-Jones takes an unexpected dip while punting on the river past Phyllis Court during the days of the Royal Regatta that year. His companions seem blissfully unaware of what is happening

AT WORK: Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones adjusts one of his cameras while photographing a wedding reception in 1958

DANCE AND DISPLAY: *Left*—Wearing costume as a character from *The Beggar's Opera*, he is at a fancy dress party in London, and, on *right*, he is preparing an enlarged photograph of a ballerina for an exhibition

PRINCESS MARGARET AND MR. ANTONY ARMSTRONG-JONES drive back to London after spending the week-end with the Queen Mother at Royal Lodge, in Windsor Great Park. Their engagement had been announced a few days previously, on Friday, February 26, 1960

AFTER THE BETROTHAL

THE NEWLY-ENGAGED COUPLE acknowledge applause at the Royal Opera House, during their first public engagement together

AT NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE, the Princess and her fiancé walk through the Paddock shortly after their arrival for the afternoon's racing

LEAVING THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE after the preview of *Follow That Girl*. The performance was in aid of the Dockland Settlements

WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY they stand on the converted farm-cart to watch events at the Badminton Horse Trials

ON THEIR WAY to the Cambridge launch, *Amaryllis*, to watch this year's Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race

THE PRINCESS leads the way from the French Embassy after the dinner given during President de Gaulle's visit

AT ROYAL LODGE

MESSAGES OF CONGRATULATION are read by the Princess and her fiancé during their week-end with the Queen Mother at Royal Lodge, Windsor. The announcement of their engagement had been made by the Queen Mother in a Court Circular issued from Clarence House on the previous day

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL HOME IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: (*Left*) All smiles as they stroll in the sunshine and (*right*) a few moments with a King Charles spaniel

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ARRIVING AND LEAVING THE ABBEY

Above: ENTERING THE ABBEY, Princess Margaret is escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh, who gave her away. Their arrival was heralded by a fanfare of trumpets, composed by Sir Arthur Bliss, the Master of the Queen's Musick. As the bride and her brother-in-law made their way up the aisle for the start of the service, the hymn "Christ is made the sure foundation" was sung. The Princess appeared nervous and it was noticed that the Duke frequently spoke to her as though to reassure her

Left: AT THE FINISH OF THE SERVICE, Princess Margaret and her husband walk out of Westminster Abbey. Waiting for them is the Glass Coach, and beyond it a barrage of cameras. The bells of Westminster pealed as the couple set out for Buckingham Palace. The wedding breakfast in the white and gold ball supper room was attended by 120 guests. An orchestra of the Grenadier Guards played in the gallery outside the room. At the end of the breakfast six pipers entered to play

IN THE ABBEY

The Glittering and Solemn Scene is described by Elizabeth Coxhead, with Drawings by Geoffrey Fletcher

Guests arriving for the service in Westminster Abbey

All London, and to judge from the accents one heard in The Mall, half the country, had come to Princess Margaret's wedding. I never remember a Royal occasion into which the populace entered quite so wholeheartedly, with such a sense of holiday and high festivity. Partly, of course, this was thanks to the exquisitely balmy weather, with which both the Coronation and the Queen's own wedding-day had been so conspicuously unblessed. But there was also in it an element of warm personal affection for a young woman who had passed through such cruelly publicised vicissitudes and was finding happiness at last.

Strolling down The Mall the evening before, one could sense that it would be "their" day quite as much as the Princess's. The all-night sleepers-out were already comfortably settling themselves with their rugs and picnic gear; half the crowd had cameras and were perfectly satisfied just to photograph the other half; and the white bridal banners were set off by St. James's Park bursting into lilac blossom and a dozen different shades of subtle young green. London, which can look so dingy, was making as fresh and delicate a background as any country bride could hope for. It seemed a pity that the bridegroom, who has recorded it so sensitively, could not have been permitted a last professional look-round. He might almost have gone unobserved.

We woke to another day equally delicious, with something like a heat-haze softening the sunshine. We made our way to the Abbey through crowds as orderly and cheerful as The Mall ones, and through ranks of affable policemen with no worries on their hands; pausing to admire Parliament Square flower-garlanded, and the inevitable paraders of biblical texts (the anti-nuclear crowd missed an opportunity here). We lingered outside the North door watching other guests arrive, women in flowered silk suits, in heavy silk dust-coats, in the enormous frothy mushroom hats of the season—eye-catchers which would surely be daunting to those unlucky enough to sit behind them. A sprinkling of art and stage denoted the cultural interests of bride and groom: actresses like Joyce Grenfell and Margaret Leighton, two of the bride's poet friends, Jean Cocteau and John Betjeman—the latter having forestalled the Poet-Laureate with an offering of verse.

Inside, by contrast, the effect was cool and dark as one clambered to one's place—until, emerging on to the front of the stand, one stared out over the packed ranks of guests to the brilliantly-lighted Sanctuary, with its two rose-pink kneeling-desks, its waiting rows of white and crimson chairs, its backing of mellow tapestry and gleaming Abbey plate, its great pyramids of lilies and mimosa on each side of the altar—a stage breathtaking in itself, even before the actors arrived to people it. And there immediately below was Sir Winston Churchill, gamely making his way to his seat with the aid of a stick, while Lady Churchill hovered a protective pace or two behind. His sculptured predecessors across the North Transept each presided over an unobtrusively sited television set, contrivances which Palmerston and Disraeli, with their flair for publicity and novelty, seemed to be regarding with an indulgent eye.

Two thousand of us in the Abbey, and all those thousands outside, were waiting for the bride. . . . My mind went back across the years to the first function she performed in her own right, the opening of a day nursery in the back streets of St. Pancras, with myself and a couple more reporters and a dozen or so of staff for audience, and a roomful of toddlers who took no interest in a schoolgirl Princess but continued their ruthless preoccupation with their games. It could hardly have been a more trying assignment, and she stood there looking small and lost in her simple tan coat and beret, obviously wondering what to do next. I remember thinking: "A tough start, but all the same you're the younger sister, and it should be easier for you to grow up into a normal private life." But the event was to prove me wrong.

Two large shaded blue roses adorn the Queen's hat

The Sanctuary seats were now filling, the Countess of Harewood standing out in her crimson satin dress and gold hat; but even she was eclipsed by the bridegroom's mother, the Countess of Rosse. (Comparing notes afterwards, we women reporters fixed on her as, after the bride, the most beautiful single figure of the occasion.) Then the bridegroom and his best man came rather quickly and quietly up the aisle into their places. The traditional pallor and nervousness of bridegrooms seemed more than usually justified in this case, and it was pleasant to watch the affectionate attentions of Dr. Gilliatt and his wife, both evidently finding the right words of encouragement to bring out that quick Celtic smile that has won a Princess's heart.

Prince Philip escorts the bride towards the Sacrarium

Cheers and a sideways glimpse through the open door, as well as the ever-useful television screens, told us first of the bridesmaids' arrival and then of the Queen's. The Sanctuary became yet more flooded with colour: the Canons in their blue and gold copes, the Dean in his crimson Charles II cope, and the Archbishop of Canterbury in the wonderful Japanese cope and mitre.

The Queen in her turquoise crinoline dress moved up the aisle, very Hanoverian and stately, looking like one of her own Winterhalters from the Palace; the Queen Mother was benignly smiling in soft gold lamé with a hat of ospreys; Prince Charles, a gallant little figure in Highland dress, squired alternately his grandmother and the bride's godmother, the Queen of Denmark, in ice-blue. Beyond them sat the Gloucesters, the Duchess having characteristically chosen a modest dove-grey. The Kents, with the Duchess elegant as ever in yellow and Princess Alexandra in more ice-blue, formed a noticeably cheerful family party in the second row. No Royal lady wore a mushroom hat—they, at any rate, had full consideration

for those behind. As they moved hands or necks, the glitter of diamonds added to the sparkle of the ravishing scene.

Sir Arthur Bliss's specially composed fanfare sounded startling and rather eerie, and we envied those in the nave their first sight of the bride. From the moment of her entry she dominated the proceedings as a bride should, not merely by the importance which Mr. Hartnell's dramatic dress, with its tiny waist and huge skirt, gave to her small figure, but by something confident and dedicated in her whole bearing. This was the girl who had held her head high in misfortune and mortification, and she had every right to hold it high now in happiness. For her, this long and trying progress up the aisle was journey's end.

She came into our range of vision on the Duke of Edinburgh's stalwart arm, the light glinting on her tiara and her high-dressed hair. The bridegroom stepped forward, and they exchanged a tiny, reassuring smile. They knelt side by side on the rose-pink faldstools, and the familiar but always fresh and beautiful ritual of the marriage service began. The bridegroom's responses were so low as to be almost inaudible from where I sat, but the bride's, though gentle, were clear, and the tiny slip she made when following the Archbishop was endearing. It was endearing, too, to hear her called "Margaret Rose," the name by which she was known to us in her childhood; we had all but forgotten that.

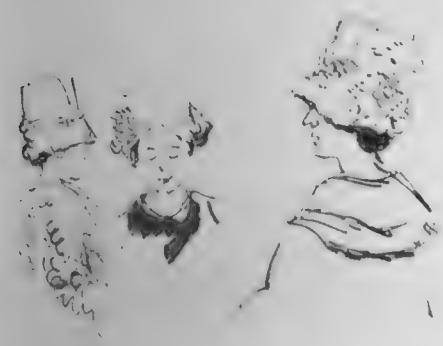
Princess Anne with her white headdress

The pink chairs were removed by two Queen's Scholars, the wedded pair moved up to the altar, and this was Princess Anne's moment. Alone of the bridesmaids she followed them, a sturdy, careful little figure going solemnly about her duties, which obliged her to stand motionless during the prayers that followed, without even the relief of kneeling. She kept it up bravely, and the Queen Mother's eyes followed daughter and grand-daughter with pride and tenderness. The Queen remained impassive, only an occasional twisting together of her hands in their long blue gloves betraying the emotion she must have felt.

The choice of music was the bride's own, and Schubert's setting of "The Lord is my Shepherd" sounded remote and delicate among the Abbey vaulting; Gibbons, Byrd, Holst and Purcell furnished the rest, and what a pleasure it was to escape so completely the usual hackneyed wedding tunes. . . . The Archbishop gave his blessing, and another fanfare heralded the National Anthem.

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother left their places to sign the register, the Queen Mother first explaining to Prince Charles that he was to stay behind. When she returned he had another important question to put to her: might he be allowed to keep his programme of the service? Reassured, he turned and showed it proudly to Queen Ingrid. Small boys are not usually expected to enjoy weddings, but this one plainly relished every moment in the marriage of an aunt who has always been a favourite with him.

The bride returned hand in hand with her groom, and in a moment of beautiful grace, made her little curtsy to her sister. Then, still hand in hand, they came down the aisle, for the most part rather serious, but their faces alight with that unmistakable glow of inner contentment. ("The young people carried it off very well," remarked an elderly colleague afterwards, an understatement that I liked.) The enchanting cortège of little white frilly bridesmaids re-formed itself. The Royal Family paired off, and then, walking side by side, came the father and mother of the bridegroom, a moment which must have had its poignancy for both of them. Behind again were other Royal guests, among them the splendid figure of Lord Mountbatten, in the only service uniform of the party. One looked instinctively for Lady Mountbatten's slender elegance, and it was a shock to remember that no Royal occasion would be graced by her again.



A selection of hats seen in the nave

Scuttling with undignified haste down the ladder-like steps of our stand, we regained Parliament Square in time to catch the last flicker of the departing bridal procession, and the excitement of it still on people's faces ("didn't she look lovely?—worth every minute of the wait. . . .") And then passed the other Royal carriages, each with its troop of Household Cavalry, so that presently Whitehall resumed the blue and scarlet Turkish carpet appearance it has worn on so many State occasions in these post-war years of pageantry, a sight which, no matter how often one has seen it, never fails to fill mind and eye with astonishment.

The Dean reads the Beatitudes

The cheering died away along The Mall, and I found myself strolling back along the Embankment, enjoying the spaciousness and quiet of the river after the packed richness of colour and movement in the scenes I had witnessed. And soon the river would provide a silvery escape for the honeymooners too, a perfect romantic finale to the day. Already the launches at Westminster Pier were advertising half-hour trips "round *Britannia*, the Honeymoon Yacht."

All in all it was a wonderful wedding, no doubt the most wonderful that any of us who are in middle age will ever be privileged to witness. On the loveliest of English early-summer mornings, we had seen the Princess married to the man of her choice. One regret I had, that the millions who had seen it step by step on their television screens could not have shared with us the miracle of its glowing colour.

The procession of the bride and bridegroom

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM are standing in front of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the first part of the marriage service. On the left of the bride is the Duke of Edinburgh and on the right of the bridegroom is the groomsman, Dr. Roger Gilliatt. The Queen and other members of the Royal Family are on the right of the Sacrarium; opposite them are members of the bridegroom's family and other distinguished guests. When the bride had reached the steps leading up to the Sacrarium, Princess Anne walked forward and took her bouquet and held it for the rest of the service. She was the only bridesmaid to follow the bride and bridegroom to the altar for the second part of the service. In the picture on the facing page the choir are seen in their position on top of the organ screen. In the far background, above the Chapel of King Edward the Confessor, are the trumpeters

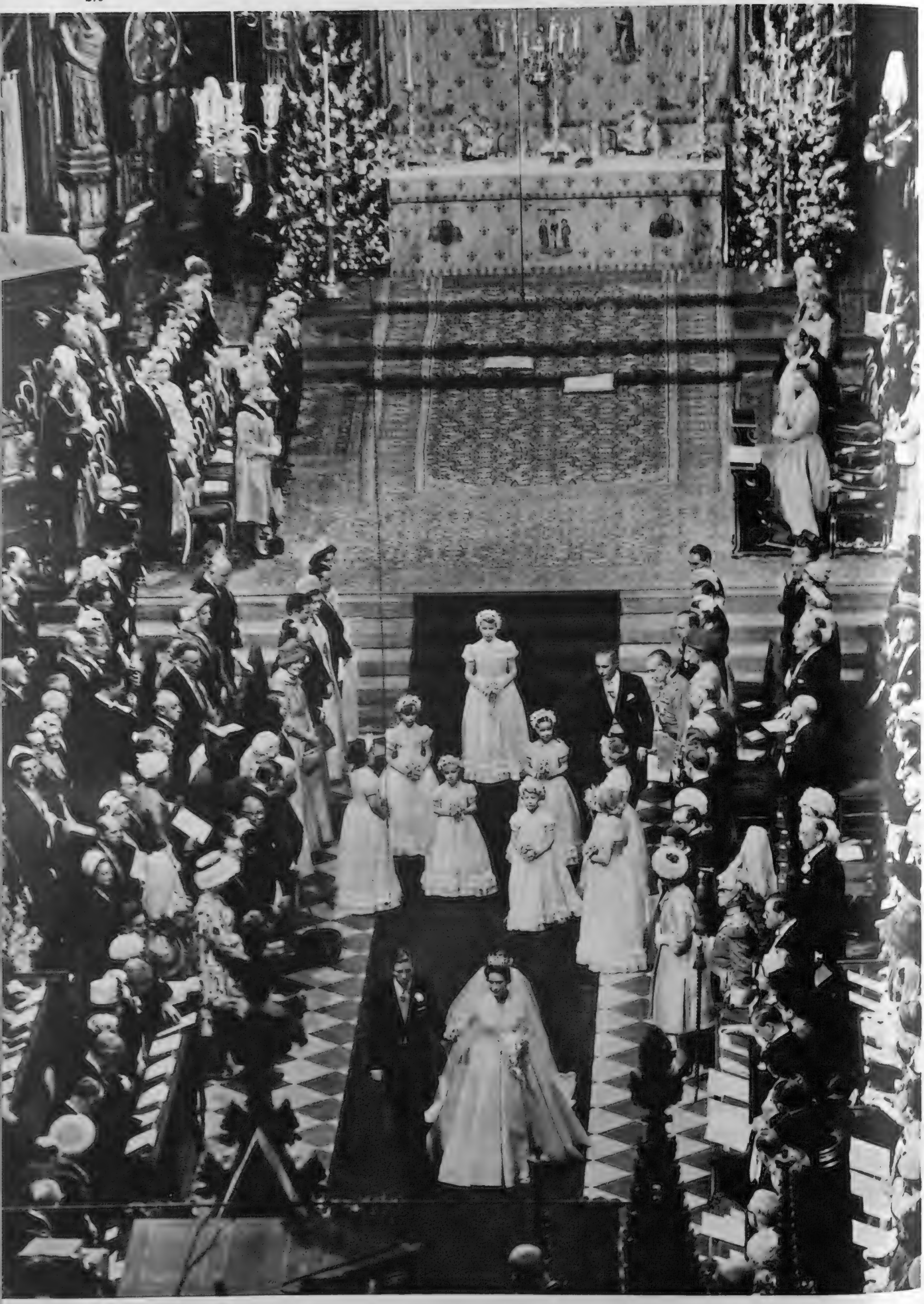
THE MARRIAGE

AS THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM KNEEL AT THEIR PRIE DIEU the Archbishop places the ends of his stole round their linked hands before saying, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." After the pronouncement "that they be man and wife together," and the blessing by the Archbishop (*inset on right*), the choir sang in plainsong Psalm 121, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help." At this point the bride and bridegroom walked towards the steps of the High Altar, where they knelt for the second part of the service, which included prayers by the Precentor and the Dean; the singing of an anthem and a hymn, and the final blessing by the Archbishop. After the National Anthem the choir sang two anthems by William Byrd and Gustav Holst while the marriage registers were signed in the Chapel of King Edward the Confessor, immediately behind the High Altar

IN THE SACRARIUM

PRINCESS ANNE stands behind the kneeling bride and bridegroom during the prayers read by the Precentor. A few minutes later the Dean read the Beatitudes. On the Altar is the Abbey plate of silver and gold

A CURTSY AND A BOW to the Queen as the Princess and her husband pause before leaving the Sacrarium during the procession to the West door



HAND IN HAND

HUSBAND AND WIFE: Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones pass down the nave, followed by the eight bridesmaids. The choir seats on top of the organ screen are empty, as the choir has already left to precede Princess Margaret down the nave. *Left*—The bridesmaids fall in two by two to follow the newly-married couple through the choir. Among those seated in the choir were Mr. Macmillan and Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth. While Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones moved slowly through the Abbey, a fanfare of trumpets sounded and Purcell's Trumpet Tune and Airs was played on the organ. The music for the service was directed by Sir William McKie

ACKNOWLEDGING THE VAST ENTHUSIASM of many thousands of people, Princess Margaret and her husband wave from the red-and-gold-draped balcony of Buckingham Palace. They made the traditional appearance about fifty minutes after they had left the Abbey. Standing on the balcony, from left to right, are the Duchess of Kent; the Duke of Kent; Lady Patricia Ramsay; Lady Helena Gibbs; the Duke of Edinburgh; the Queen; the Queen Mother; the Princess Royal; Dr. Roger Gilliatt; the Countess of Rosse; and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The bridesmaids, from left, are Princess Anne; Miss Marilyn Wills; Miss Catherine Vesey; Miss Annabel Rhodes; Miss Sarah Lowther; Lady Virginia FitzRoy; Lady Rose Nevill; and Miss Angela Nevill. Prince Charles is hidden by a bridesmaid. The huge crowd pressed forward up to the gates and railings of the Palace, pushing back the police

ON THE BALCONY

Left and right: WAVING TO THE CROWD, Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones smile delightedly, and the bridesmaids look on, enraptured. They were on the balcony for about five minutes, while the crowd cheered and parts of it sang "For he 's a jolly good fellow"

THE " GOING AWAY ": At the end of the wedding breakfast the Queen, other members of the Royal Family and other guests have come down into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace to give the bride and bridegroom their send-off. Rose petals were showered on them as they stepped into their car to drive out of the Palace gates past one of the largest crowds of the day. Cheers went up from the dense throng packed round the Victoria Memorial and in The Mall

To Their Honeymoon

Right: CROWDS SURGE round the open car in which Princess Margaret and her husband are driving along Cannon Street, in the City of London, on their way to Tower Pier. City workers came out at all points on the route and surrounded the car. Progress was often slowed down to walking pace and the journey took longer than anticipated. The pealing of the bells of All Hallows Church added to the welcome at the Tower. At the entrance to the pier, the Princess and her husband were met by Lord Simon, Chairman of the Port of London Authority, and escorted down the gangway to the Royal Barge

EMBARKATION AT TOWER PIER: The Princess waves as the Royal Barge moves out to the *Britannia*. The Royal Yacht sailed from the Pool with people cheering from both sides of the river. Sirens of vessels blared out the initials "M" and "A" in morse. The progress of *Britannia* was watched from the coast down to the North Foreland

ALL SMILES in Queen Victoria Street as the newly-married couple drive by through the City

A FAREWELL WAVE from the bridge of the Royal Yacht *Britannia* on the Thames

AT 2.22 P.M. ON MAY 6, 1960, Princess Margaret poses in her wedding dress for Cecil Beaton on the balcony which leads from the Green Room at Buckingham Palace. The official photographs took longer than was expected and the newly-married couple were delayed in leaving the Palace en route to the *Britannia*. The Princess's wedding dress, designed by Norman Hartnell, was of white silk organza, 30 yards of fabric being used for the top layer. The foundation was of stiffened tulle. The tulle veil, held in place by the tall diamond tiara, extended to just beyond the line of the train of the dress. Her Royal Highness wore white crepe court shoes and carried a bouquet of orchids and other flowers. Inside Westminster Abbey her dress contrasted with the blue carpet which stretched from the West door up to the Sacrarium

HUSBAND AND WIFE AT THE PALACE

PRINCESS MARGARET sits in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace. In the picture *below* she is joined by her husband and, *below, right*, she stands by a vase of spring blossom. During the wedding breakfast, which preceded the taking of the official photographs, the health of the Princess and her bridegroom was proposed by the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. Armstrong-Jones replied

FAMILY PORTRAIT

IN THE THRONE ROOM, in Buckingham Palace, the bride and bridegroom stand with members of their two families for the official photographs by Cecil Beaton. Extreme left and right are the bridegroom's mother and father, the Countess of Rosse and Mr. R. O. L. Armstrong-Jones. The bridesmaids from left are Lady Rose Nevill, Sarah Lowther, Annabel Rhodes, Catherine Vesey, Lady Virginia FitzRoy, Princess Anne, Angela Nevill and Marilyn Wills. *Below*—Front row, extreme left, Prince Richard of Gloucester and the Duchess of Gloucester; and, right, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Back row: the Duke of Kent; the Princess Royal; Prince Michael of Kent; Queen Ingrid; the Duke of Gloucester; Dr. Gilliatt; Prince Philip; Prince William of Gloucester; and Mr. R. O. L. Armstrong-Jones

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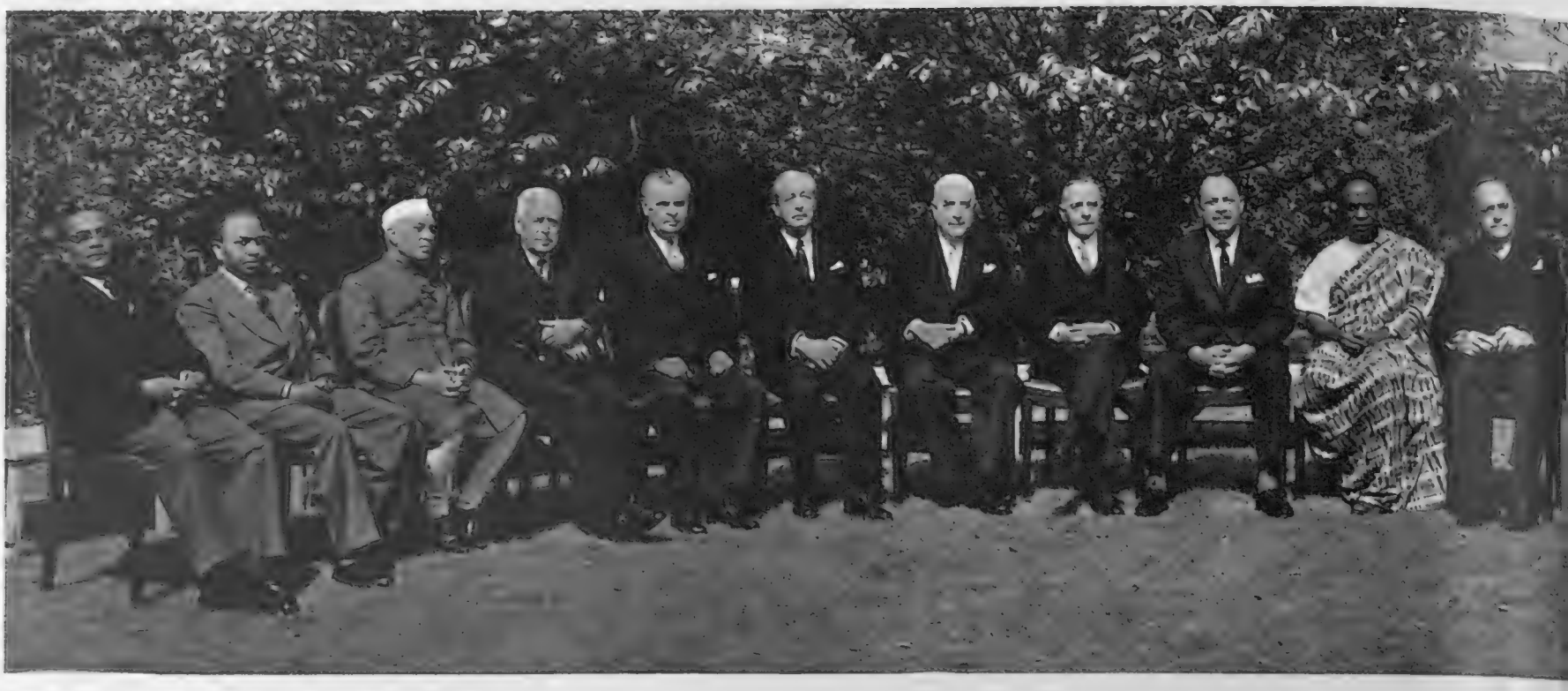
The Duke of Kent on his twenty-first birthday in October 1956

Antony Armstrong-Jones took his first portrait of a member of the Royal Family in 1956, when he photographed the Duke of Kent, who was about to celebrate his coming of age on October 9. For his photograph the Duke wore the dress uniform of the Royal Scots Greys, in which he was then a second-lieutenant. The next Royal commission for Mr. Armstrong-Jones came a few weeks later, when he was invited to Buckingham Palace to take the official photographs of Prince Charles on his eighth birthday. Since then he has photographed most members of the Royal Family. In October 1957, when he went to Buckingham Palace again to photograph the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children, his pictures included one taken by the lake in the Palace grounds. At Royal Lodge last year he took the pictures for Princess Margaret's twenty-ninth birthday.

The Royal Family in the grounds of Buckingham Palace in October 1957

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Two more pictures of Princess Margaret on her twenty-ninth birthday



Before the opening of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London, the leaders were photographed in the garden in Downing Street. From left—Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra (Malaya); Mr. Edmund Cooray (Minister of Justice, Ceylon); Mr. Nehru (India); Mr. Walter Nash (New Zealand); Mr. Diefenbaker (Canada); Mr. Macmillan; Mr. Menzies (Australia); Mr. E. H. Louw (Minister of External Affairs, South Africa); Field-Marshal Ayub Khan (President of Pakistan); Dr. Kwame Nkrumah (Ghana); and Sir Roy Welensky (Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland)

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

COMMONWEALTH DELIBERATIONS—Before these lines are read in print, ten Commonwealth heads of State will have concluded their invaluable periodic discussions. Next time they meet, at the present rate of expansion, their numbers may be nearly doubled. The most delicate subject nearest their hearts is essentially in the present, yet the hardest to touch on—*Apartheid*. It is that subject on which the future of our Commonwealth hinges, and the future cries out to be considered. The Commonwealth is rapidly becoming a cross between a modern youth club and an Edwardian Pall Mall club. The administrations which deal with it in London can no longer harmonise the needs and claims of young and old, the raw and the mature, the boys and grave statesmen. What new administrative office can be devised to cope with Canada and India on the one hand and Uganda or Sierra Leone on the other? It is not only that the Commonwealth is multi-racial that raises these difficulties, it is the vast gulf between the political development and the available resources of the "equal partners" in the club's amenities. We can't do without the club. We can't set up a senior and a junior constitutional club. All we can do at present is to find a secretary capable of meeting the diverse demands of the grave seniors and the young entry. We must hope for the best. The Statute of Westminster itself—the sole link—has become tightly stretched since 1931.

ALL IN THE GAME—In party-political wrestling, all kinds of grips are considered fair, and I suppose Tory Hackenschmidt did offer a tempting one to Madrali, the decreasingly-terrible Socialist Turk, when the Chancellor announced his new credit squeeze. A partial critic *might* think himself justified in putting the sequence of Tory political manœuvre as follows: Take 2d. off beer to soften up the wobblers in the pubs. Win the General Election on the assurance that we never had it so good and are going to have it much better. Having gained a majority good enough to last four years, put 3d. on tobacco, the poor man's comfort, and then clamp down on the "workers'" little luxuries-on-credit, such as cars and electric gadgets, and finish with the comfortable feeling that Tory strategy "never did them so good." I think the poor old once-terrible Turk *was* justified in seizing on the slack in Hackenschmidt's pants, for of one thing I am certain. While all Governments are Socialist in policy, as to-day, the Socialists can never hope to devise policies likely to win over the wobblers, so long as the "workers" are as prosperous as they now are. People earning £20-£40 a week are not moved to tears by the picture of the "millions of slaves still sweating under capitalism," and, even if they feel no loyalty towards Conservatism, are not anxious to swop pilots, so long as the going remains even as good as it is. The Socialists' chance won't come again until inflation returns, markets disappear, unemployment grows and slumps are the order of the day. The Tories are well aware of that truth and naturally take steps to postpone that chance. It 's all in the game.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS—The faint hope that one day a humane Chancellor could devise means so to simplify income-tax regulations that they could be comprehensible to the humblest taxpayer has finally vanished with the publication of the seventy-three clauses of the new Finance Bill. The greatest experts in figures and legal drafting could not interpret them without weeks of study. The humble taxpayer who cannot make head or tail of "simple" instructions (such as P.A.Y.E. or income tax in its primary form) is neither a rarity nor a criminal, but he is compelled usually to pay an expert to preserve him from being judged a criminal by the authorities. And now a quarter of the clauses of the new Bill are devised to arm those authorities with more severe means of punishing what at the best they call negligence and the taxpayer calls sheer inability to understand gobbledegook. Thus, an assessment made to recover tax lost through the taxpayer's "fault" will include 3 per cent. interest from the date of failure to pay. But where the taxpayer has paid too much, and the authorities delay to rebate, there is no word of interest for the taxpayer's benefit. Naturally, I can only view these matters from the point of view of the "little man," who has no idea and no means of legitimate tax-dodging. Of course, the little man is infuriated by his neighbour who has been cheerfully losing money on farming or blackcurrants for years, absorbing all available local labour and chuckling over this handsome offset to his liability for tax on his real business. Of course, the little man has envied the evicted company director who retires with a handsome untaxed *pourboire* of £70,000 or so. But these matters are out of his depth and his world. He would regard a tax-free *pourboire* of £5,000 as pretty generous. What the little man has to face is demand notes, often in peremptory terms, for sums, trifling to big business but serious for him, alleged due by calculations which he cannot understand; and, even with "safeguards" of appeal which he has not the means or the time to pursue, he sees himself in the tentacles of an octopus too strong and many-branched to be resisted.

FORESTRY IN BRITAIN—Since 1919 the Forestry Commission has received over £100,000,000 in Exchequer grants. In its

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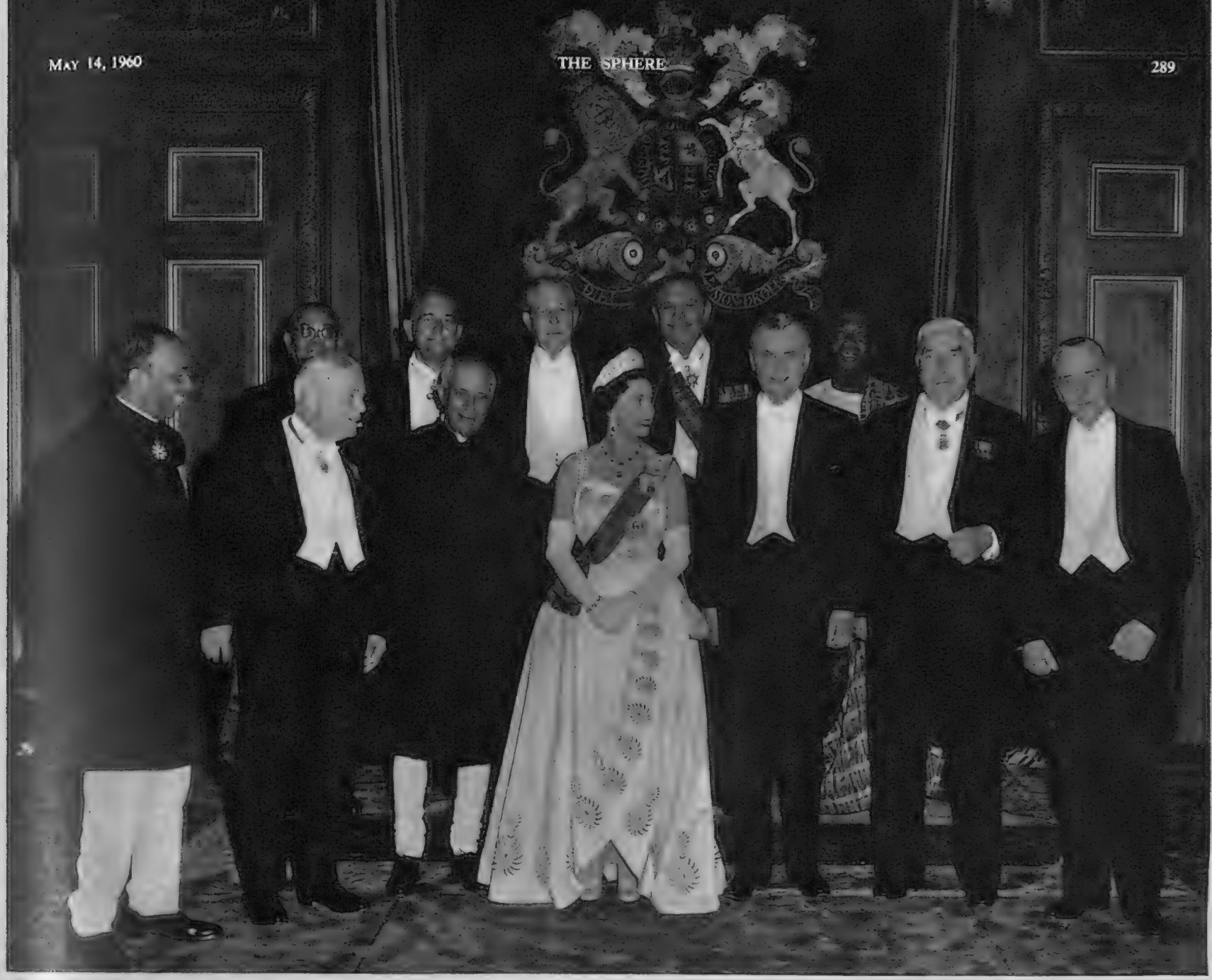


With the Queen on the occasion of a dinner party given at Windsor Castle, in honour of those attending the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, are, back row—Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra, Sir Roy Welensky, Mr. Macmillan, Field-Marshal Ayub Khan, and Dr. Nkrumah. Front row—Mr. Edmund Cooray, Mr. Walter Nash, Mr. Nehru, Mr. Diefenbaker, Mr. Menzies, and Mr. Louw. Present at the dinner were Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester

latest annual report, it puts a very handsome value on what it has planted, and most of that represents new forests not yet mature. The Commission's yields from woodlands has already totalled £27,000,000 and its continually rising income is over £2,000,000. The taxpayer can eventually expect 3 per cent. compound interest on his investment. Of course, the Commission has its critics. People complain of the planting of unsuitable conifers in old and beautiful hardwood areas, of the driving of ugly gashes across the face of beautiful country, of closed public paths, of miles of wire fences, of the elimination of wild life in the interest of the saplings, and of the loss to farmers and gardeners of available local labour. The Commission counter this last complaint with the claim that it is repopulating and revivifying a dying country life, bringing back the young and strong and hopeful to a depressed wilderness. I am bound to say that what I have seen of the Commission's work and workers is to its credit, and I live, or have lived, in the very heart of their activities in Southern England. The beech mingles with the conifer and the Commission does not neglect amenity in leaf-colour. They reopen paths and make the public free of their enclosures as soon as possible. Except in wet weather, they keep the tracks clear and walkable, which else had succumbed to Nature's encroachment, and as for destruction of wild life, their enclosures are now the best hope for those who want to see what survives of British deer, and, unlike the farmers (I more than hope), they employ humane and reasonable methods in the necessary thinning of herds. They possess to-day 2,500,000 acres in Britain, being established in every county but Middlesex, and they plan a considerable increase. I must say for the Commission that their acreage is perhaps the nearest thing to a nature reserve we have to-day. Green belts, national parks and bird sanctuaries are far more at the mercy of Defence Ministers, Power Ministers, and Local Authority realtors, and are infinitely more vulnerable to litter-fiends and despoilers.

"FIRST DEPRESSIONS" AT R.A.—I declare for Mr. William Roberts' "TV" as the picture of the year. It depicts a family of eight closely massed to watch boxing on TV, the set being on the floor in the interests of the dog. This picture touches me nearly. I sometimes turn on the TV switch to watch amateur boxing and I often ask myself why I enjoy it. Is it sadism or the satisfaction derived from seeing people doing things I could not bear to do myself, such as mountain-climbing, Polar exploration, rough seafaring and fisticuffs? Whatever the reason, I often have the feeling that my head and limbs are "Lignifying," if there be such a word; anyway, becoming wooden. And Mr. Roberts, in his group, very exactly reproduces that change. The hands and hair of his group are carved out of wood, their legs have become billiard-table legs. Only the dog retains some traces of flesh and blood. As for the table, it has collapsed in jealousy, and a jug and plate are slipping to the floor. A problem picture . . . these things are an allegory. It deserves a rosette. Prize two I award to Stanley Spencer's early picture, "The Centurion's Servant." The bedrail and the flounce are perfect gems of Victorian taste which neither the patient nor the mourners seem to appreciate. It is with the work of this great artist that the oratorical question "What is truth?" in art most forcibly puzzles me. Take the unfinished "Christ Preaching at Cookham Regatta": the layman cannot deny the imagination nor the technique and the power. What he cannot always do is to harmonise them, to see such pictures through eyes newly opened and purged of convention and tradition.

"PUT YOUR DUKES UP"—At the Empire Pool, Wembley, recently the A.B.A. Championships were interrupted while the Duke of Norfolk, accompanied on the platform by the Duke of Devonshire, accepted cheques for the Jubilee Trust Fund from the heads of the chief sporting associations. He then prepared to say a few words, but the crowd would not give him a hearing, clamouring for the next boxing bout. It was all rather confused and confusing and the Duke left the platform with justifiable annoyance, cutting short the proceedings. Certainly, it was an example of shocking bad manners and impatience and left me the impression that the gladiators in boxing shows stand, in more ways than one, head and shoulders above the crowd who watch them. I recalled that next day the Duke would be taking the mike again on his own ground at Arundel, where the South Africans would be opening their shoulders. There was talk that there might be demonstrations by the active anti-*Apartheid* elements, and I hoped that his annual remarks on his lovely cricket ground would be heard in silence, for he has come to speak them very well and very profitably. Mr. Wilson, the West Sussex C.C., had marshalled his forces, uniformed and plain-clothed, but precautions were not necessary. Not only did the match enjoy sunshine—the fixture has been very unlucky in its weather of late—but there were no ill-mannered demonstrations; the response was generous and the Jubilee Trust Fund will benefit.

THE OLD STAGER

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

AUSTRALIA

The enormous part played by Britain in the post-war boom era of Australia's expansion is so little known—perhaps it is taken too much for granted—that the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, has gone out of his way on his current visit to that country to draw attention to it. He has, too, been hammering home the point in Australia, where some spectacular United States-backed enterprises, notably the Australian Holden motor-car project, have tended to capture the limelight. Mr. Menzies, in London last week, talked of the British share as "This tremendous pouring in of investable capital into Australia." Speaking to a group of leading British industrialists at a dinner to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Australian Association of British Manufacturers, he described Australia's current expansion as "so fantastic that I don't think anybody would have dreamed about it twenty or thirty years ago." Into the country during the expansionist period have poured United Kingdom migrants and United Kingdom money.

There cannot be a great programme of development, as Mr. Menzies pointed out, without new works such as those for irrigation and power —foundational projects carried out in a country the size of the U.S. with one-fifteenth of the U.S. population—and without making tremendous calls for capital to supplement the remarkable amount saved and invested locally. Here are the figures—figures which, to quote Mr. Menzies, represent one of the greatest gestures of co-operation, understanding and intelligence "in my political lifetime." Over the all-important twelve years from June 1947 to June 1959, *private* investment from overseas, direct and indirect, has totalled £A819,000,000. About a third of this represents undistributed income left, and therefore reinvested in Australia, and £A539,000,000 represents other inflow of capital. Of that £A819,000,000, Britain's contribution has totalled no less than £A520,000,000, compared with a total U.S. and Canadian investment of £A214,000,000. And this, as Mr. Menzies stressed, in a period when Britain has had her own battles over sterling and dollar reserves and trade balances in her struggle towards convertibility.

Mr. Menzies recalled that in his political lifetime of something like twenty-five years, there were still people in Great Britain who believed Australians ought to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," growing the wool and leaving the manufacturing to people who understood it. Sharing the occasion with Mr. Menzies, the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. R. Maudling, saw encouragement for British exporters in the growth of industrialism in Australia. The rise of new secondary industries, he said, did create problems of adjustment for some exporters in this country. But these were more than counterbalanced by the increasing opportunities for sales which followed in the train of industrialisation. As he pointed out, trade grows much faster between manufacturing countries than between manufacturing countries on the one hand and primary producers on the other.

GHANA

With a massive endorsement from the national plebiscite behind them, the Government can now feel free to proceed with their plans for converting Ghana into a Republic. The only remaining step is for Parliament, sitting as a Constituent Assembly, to consider each Article of the proposed Constitution. It seems certain that this will become effective on Friday, July 1, when Dr. Nkrumah—an overwhelming victor in the recent election—is inaugurated as first President. Why the change? Why a new Instrument for the government of the country when the present Constitution is only three years old? Observers who find it difficult to reconcile these changes with the warm relationship that exists between Dr. Nkrumah and the Royal House tend to overlook the circumstances in which Ghana became independent. In achieving her independence, the country had to accept the terms of the abdicating power. The Constitution involving the transfer of power was a document of Westminster, not of Accra. It served its purpose at the time but, to Ghana's leaders, it failed to face the facts of life.

Among the facts it should be noted that while it was natural and understandable for the "white" Dominions to retain the ties of the Crown and the Mother Country, it was less than realistic to expect the same sentiments from Africans. Another fact is that the Gold Coast and Ghana, in all the years of her history, has never been governed by a Constitution of her own making. Observers abroad have often been puzzled by Ghana's exact status within the Commonwealth since her independence. American writers have been referring to "the new republic of Ghana" for three years. On occasion it has even been a matter of wonder to Ghanaians to learn that their country is a monarchy, that among the titles of the British Sovereign is that of "Queen of Ghana," that Members of the National Assembly must subscribe to the Royal Oath and that the measures of Parliament must receive the Royal Assent. It is in Africa that Ghana's destiny lies—not only as a link between the continent and the Commonwealth, but in fostering the new African Personality which is emerging on the scene.

It is evident that the same goodwill that marked the country's emergence to nationhood will attend the latest move of Ghana in her progress of evolution. She will remain in the Commonwealth. The ties between Britain and Ghana—whatever the newspapers of the two countries may say to one another—have never been friendlier. The great personal success made by the Duke of Edinburgh when he visited the country seven months ago is certain to be repeated when he and the Queen return to Ghana next year. Dr. Nkrumah, the first African member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, has described the Commonwealth as "a family of friendly States who see their continuing friendship as a strand of peace in a troubled world." Ghana may be expected to value her association even more when she has the ultimate self-respect of a Constitution fashioned by her own hand.

MALAYA

Four journalists from the Federation of Malaya are to spend six months working on Australian metropolitan newspapers. They were selected by the Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra, from the nominations sent in by all the Federation Newspapers. This plan, which would enable Malayan journalists to obtain wider experience, is being sponsored by the Australian newspapers *The Herald*, Melbourne; *The Sun*, Melbourne; *The Advertiser*, Adelaide, and *The Courier-Mail*, Brisbane. The Malayan journalists are on the staff of *Utusan Melayu*, Kuala Lumpur; *The China Press*, Kuala Lumpur; *The Tamil Nesan*, Kuala Lumpur, and *The Straits Echo*, Penang. Under the arrangements each Malayan journalist will be posted to one of the Australian papers as a full working member of the staff, the newspaper paying his salary. The Federation Government is responsible for payment of their air-transport to and from their destinations. The journalists are due to leave Kuala Lumpur by air for Melbourne on May 15.

Before leaving for the Commonwealth Conference in London the Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra, announced that the machinery is being set up to organise the proposed South-East Asia Friendship and Economic Treaty, "between Malaya, Philippines and Thailand, and it is hoped that others who are interested might also join in. Whether they should take place to-day, to-morrow or ten years hence is another matter, but we are convinced that the proposed organisation's usefulness will be demonstrated by time and experience, and that it will be a success. We would, of course, like other countries such as Indonesia, Burma and other States of South-East Asia to come in, but far be it from the truth that we are going out of the way to woo anybody.

"We, in Malaya, have set up a Secretariat in my own Ministry to deal with this matter and Enche Sopiee, who is in charge of it, has been to the Philippines and Thailand recently to discuss the possibility of similar arrangements in both these countries. General agreements were reached in Baguio and Bangkok and arrangements are being made to set up a working group between Malaya, the Philippines and Thailand. It is hoped that this working group will start work soon after my return (from London), to make the arrangements for further preparatory work and consultations to carry out our proposal for an association of South-East Asian States for closer co-operation in the economic, social, cultural, scientific, technical and allied fields."

NEW ZEALAND

The people of the New Zealand province of Westland will live in the past during the present month. They will look back 100 years to that mid-May of 1860 when their province had its beginnings with the purchase of land from the Maoris. No district has contributed more picturesquely to New Zealand's history and legend. Westland, flanked by the Tasman Sea on one side and the majestic Southern Alps on the other, is a comparatively narrow strip of land running for some 200 miles down the west coast of New Zealand's South Island. Its geography tends to make it self-contained. It is still not uncommon for it to be virtually cut off from the more populous east when the elements disrupt slender communications over mountain passes or through one of the world's longest rail tunnels. The contribution of the West Coast to the character of New Zealand has been considerable. Its inhabitants have become individualists, regarded as typical West-Coasters rather than typical New Zealanders. They are an independent but hospitable and generous people, pursuing their occupations mostly in the rain, which falls on two days out of every three at the rate of 100 ins. a year or more.

The centennial will recall fabulous days of the gold rush which put the West Coast on its feet, when diggers flocked to Westland in thousands and more than £30,000,000 was won. After the gold there was coal, with the West Coast the largest bituminous field in the country. But the gold industry, with the exhaustion of the more accessible deposits, is now only a fraction of what it was twenty years ago and, while coal is still the most important product of Westland, its mining is an industry also on the decline. Westland is the only important part of New Zealand not reflecting to any great extent the development which is general elsewhere in the country to-day. Its population, the smallest of any of New Zealand's nine provinces, is no more than holding its own.

So, as well as thinking of the past during their centennial, the people of Westland will have to devote more continuous attention to the problems of the future. Time has yet to determine whether this will

WEALTH

For this new weekly feature, Commonwealth countries have been invited to give their views of local and world affairs; to state their case if they consider they have been misrepresented; and to publish news they believe to be of World and Commonwealth importance, which has not been reported elsewhere. These items do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

merely be on a modest basis, with dependence on what will be left of mining and a certain amount of cattle and dairy farming, with a steady flow of tourists, or whether more ambitious undertakings will be found to help restore something of the prosperity of the past. In its problems the West Coast has the active help of the Government, which has, as an example, been seeking export markets for coal to stop the decline in this once-strong industry. A recent arrangement to supply Japan with coal is one result; the Japanese will get the coal at little above cost price, but at least the full production of an important mine for a year will be disposed of. West-Coasters, who are also doing what they can to help themselves, feel that their district still has resources which offer considerable scope for development.

PAKISTAN

Speaking at the Royal Albert Hall, in London, on May 1 to a Pakistani gathering of over 7,000, Pakistan's President, Mohammad Ayub Khan, referred to the acute problem which the country is facing as a result of the population increasing at a rate faster than the rate of increase in production. He said: "If we could stabilise our population at something around 70,000,000 we should have a tremendous future."

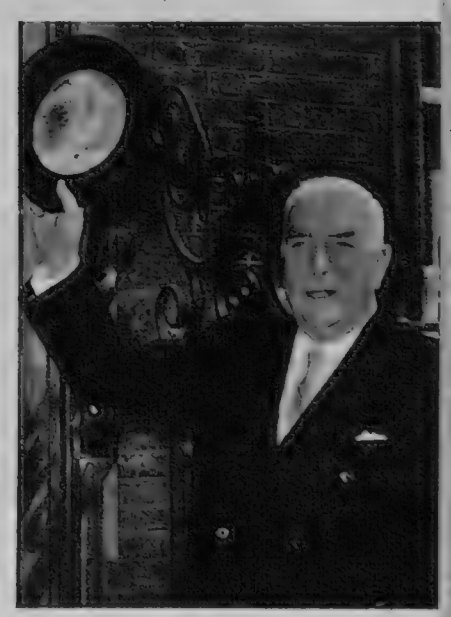
The present birth-rate in Pakistan is forty to fifty per thousand. The present death-rate is also high, being twenty to twenty-five, but is expected to fall as a result of measures to improve health and fight disease. Estimates based on the rate of net increase are that by 1981 the population of Pakistan would exceed the 100,000,000 mark. Such an increase would outstrip all development programmes that are in hand and that are likely to be undertaken in the near future. To meet the problem, a national board on family planning was set up in October 1958, and a number of schemes for the propagation of family planning through the agency of Village-Aid and for the expansion of the family-planning programme in the country were considered. A modest budget of half a million rupees (about £37,350) was provided.

Now, four technical training institutes are to be established at Karachi, Dacca, Lahore and Chittagong to train and educate doctors, nurses, health staff, National Development Organisation staff and others in the basic facts of family planning. All the 3,000 hospitals, maternity and child health centres, urban and rural dispensaries would operate as family-planning centres. In addition, mobile dispensaries would operate in each district as peripatetic family-planning centres. A high-level Publicity Committee has been set up to conduct country-wide publicity.

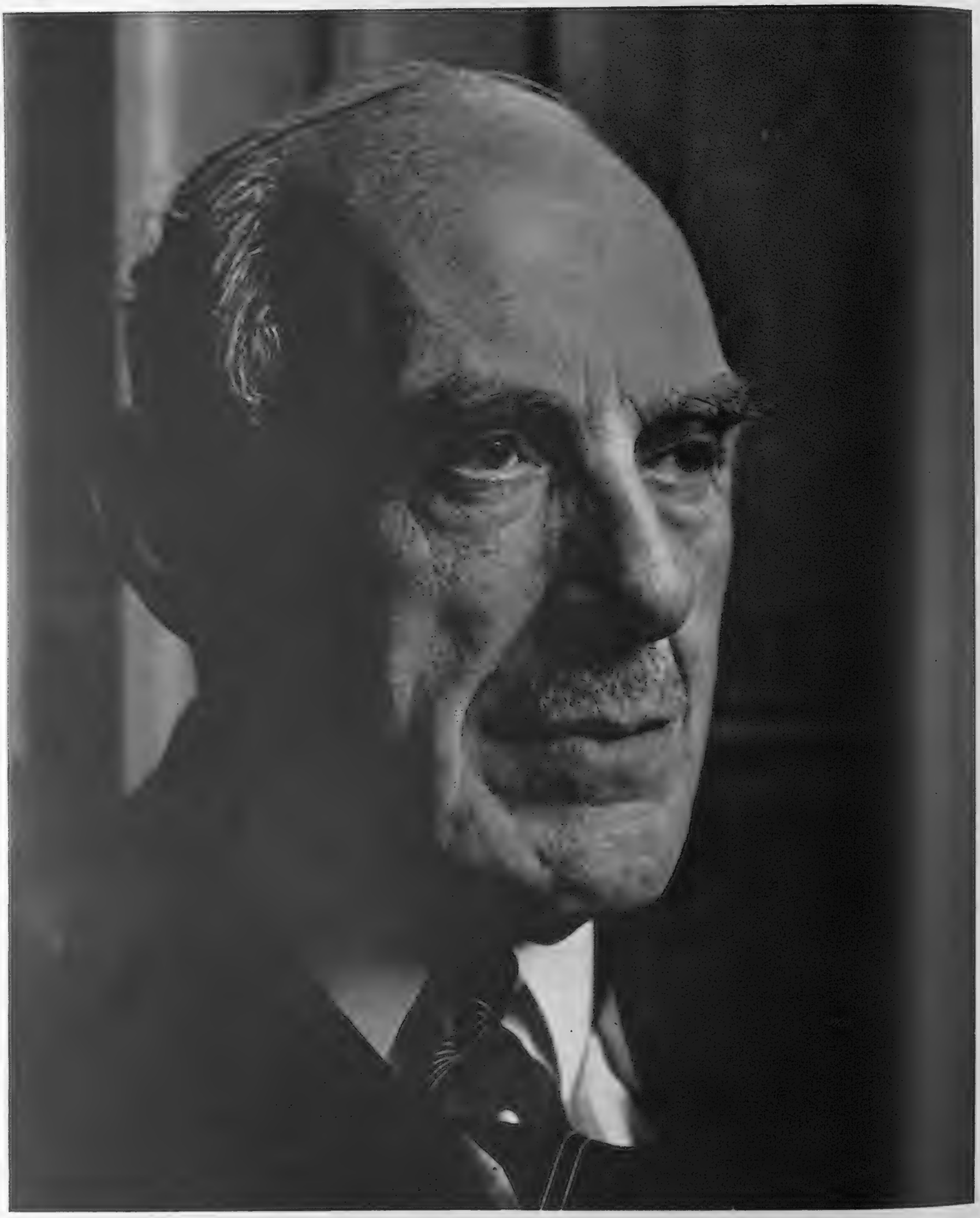
Mr. Macmillan shakes hands with Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra the Malayan Prime Minister outside No. 10, Downing Street, in London. *Right*—Dr. Nkrumah, Ghana's Prime Minister, arrives for the opening of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference

Harrovians cheer an old boy, Mr. Nehru. The Indian Prime Minister paid a two-hour visit to his old school on the day before the Prime Ministers' Conference opened. He said that when he was in England he always visited Harrow to chat and look around

Mr. Eric Louw (left), the Minister of External Affairs in the Union of South Africa, and Sir Roy Welensky (right), the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, are seen at London Airport. They had flown together from Africa to Britain



Two of the Prime Ministers attending the Commonwealth Conference acknowledge the cheers as they arrive at No. 10, Downing Street, for the opening session. *Left* is Mr. Walter Nash, of New Zealand, and *right* Mr. Robert Menzies, of Australia



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Lord Chandos

Viscount Chandos was familiar to the worlds of politics and industry as Oliver Lyttelton, M.P., until 1954, when he was raised to the peerage. In the later stages of the war he was Minister of Production, and from 1951 to 1954, when he retired from the Cabinet, he was Secretary of State for the Colonies. As Lord Chandos he became chairman of Associated Electrical Industries Ltd., the giant of British heavy electrical engineering. He is also chairman of the following A.E.I. companies—the British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd., A.E.I.-Hotpoint Ltd. and Siemens Edison Swan Ltd.—and A.E.I.-John Thompson Nuclear Energy Co. Ltd. Lord Chandos and A.E.I. will be much in the public eye in the next weeks. A.E.I. have supplied for the Kariba Dam, to be opened on Tuesday, six generating sets and a 330-kV. oil circuit-breaker, described as larger than any other known similar piece of equipment. Lord Chandos is chairman of the Chandos committee considering the replacement of the *Queen* liners and their report to the Minister of Transport is expected shortly. His wide cultural interests are reflected in various other positions which he holds—the chairmanship of the Joint Council of the National Theatre and the Old Vic, and trusteeships of the National Gallery and Churchill College, Cambridge. Born in 1893 and educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, Lord Chandos is married, with two sons and one daughter (another son was killed in action in 1942). He joined the Grenadier Guards in 1914 and served at the front from 1915 until wounded in 1918, during which time he was awarded the D.S.O. and M.C.

BUSINESS WITH THE RUSSIANS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

One of the business trips that in the past three or four years a growing number of British industrialists have undertaken for the first time is to Moscow. It has added a spice of curiosity to one's ordinary contacts with prospective customers. It used to offer, until British European Airways also began to work with Aeroflot on the route, the novelty of flying one leg of the route on one of the first medium-range jet aircraft on regular service in the world, which combined the sleek lines of a fast bomber with the somewhat Victorian internal *décor* of a British Pullman coach. And it also offered the practical hope, in the last couple of years the actual reality, of some highly profitable trade.

The fact remains, so far, that the actual trade achieved has not come up to the tempting possibilities that the Russians have been dangling before British eyes for several years. Last year, British deliveries to Russia were valued at £27,500,000, which was considerably higher than in 1958 but less than in 1957—and not much more than half the value that was achieved, at far lower general levels of price, in some pre-war years. Russia sold much more to Britain—£63,000,000, over twice as much—but earned and spent more sterling in its trade with the Commonwealth. Re-exports from here—primarily of rubber from Malaya and wool from Australia—were valued at £7,400,000, but the U.S.S.R. has also been buying to an increasing extent of late from these primary producing countries direct, as one element in its general and partly political trade drive.

This total volume of trade is not miniscule, but it is not massive either: Britain's total exports to countries behind the Iron Curtain, last year, amounted to no more than £85,300,000. What has become of the prospects that were held out when Russia's politicians began to wave their famous "shopping lists" some years ago, offering Western business so lucrative an array of opportunities, provided that they could just get rid of those nasty "COCOM" embargo rules?

Most businessmen trading with Russia are inclined to believe that there were considerable elements of sheer propaganda in those shopping lists—nearly as much as in the continued protests about the strategic embargo imposed on trade with countries behind the curtain in the days of the Korean War and the Berlin airlift. The list of goods embargoed, in its original form, certainly covered a range of items, many of which it was hard to class as strategic; it undoubtedly irritated the Russians; and it gave them a useful propagandist twist to every business argument, in that they never refused you an order without dwelling upon the rich possibilities that ought to have been open to you had it not been for the embargo. It is very doubtful, in its more recent years, whether the restrictions ever stopped the Russians buying from the West anything that they particularly wanted: every country in the West gossips sniffily about the behaviour of its neighbours in smuggling goods via fake consignees, but without singling out particular offenders it is fair to say that a considerable range of embargoed goods and materials have slipped across during the eight years of the embargo, mainly from Europe but not a few from North America.

It was the ineffectiveness of the embargo, plus the arguing handle it gave the Russians, that prompted Britain and Western Europe to press for its partial dismantlement during 1958; the revised list that still remains has more genuine relation to strategic potentialities, is probably a good deal more realistic to administer, and leaves open much more chance of non-controversial trade. It has not yet resulted in any vast increase of trade between countries on the two sides of the curtain; but the Russians would probably argue, as they did at the time of the Anglo-Soviet trade negotiations last year, that much of what they want from us takes a long time to deliver and even some little time to order. Some backing to their argument is given by the pattern of ordering last year. Russian orders placed in Britain last year included about £50,000,000 worth for capital equipment; a quarter of these were placed during December, and some valuable contracts have been reported since.

These Russians bearing orders have some particular attractions for manufacturers of plant and machinery, particularly during periods of very slack home ordering such as prevailed last year (until after the election). In the first place, the orders they may place are very big ones—often so big that they require the formation of *ad hoc* export consortia of several British firms to fulfil them. The Russians may simply want replicas of something they see functioning well in the West—rather on the lines of Mr. Khrushchev's wisecrack after inspecting the Renault Works at Flins, "Wrap it up. I 'll take it home as it stands." Occasionally they want something designed without too much attention to accounting to hamper the technical ambitions of the engineer—as in the case of an automatic ore-dressing plant for which they commissioned a study from a British company involved in automation, which had hardly been given as free a hand by any customer before. They are very expert and exacting buyers; they bargain hard and expect to send inspectors to look at the work during construction, and they do not like "escalator" clauses in which the eventual price may rise if materials go up. But they pay promptly once goods are shipped, without argument: and they seldom argue about after-sales service.

The £15,000,000 tyre plant that a British consortium headed by Dunlop has been building for the Russians near Dniepropetrovsk should soon be coming into operation. Courtaulds are building them three plants to produce synthetic fibres of much the same capital value. Equipment is being supplied by other British firms to make such products as newsprint, fish meal, and lace; Vickers and Booker Brothers are working together to build sugar-beet processing factories, and a number of plants for producing the processed chip-board developed since the war are already being installed. Mr. S. P. Chambers, of I.C.I., was recently in Poland arranging for the sale of knowhow in the production of polythene there; the development of petrochemicals and, in particular, of plastics is one of the fields in which Russian technology looks to have lagged behind the West, and the Soviets are anxious to place orders.

Few of the manufacturers who sell advanced equipment to the Russians have any illusions about the readiness of their customers to copy anything in that equipment which they find worth adopting. It is easier to get initial than repeat orders, unless the equipment is in a complex field where the Russians simply think it not yet worth while developing their own manufacture. This is not a particularly engaging trait of trade; but it is one with which industrialists have had to reckon before in dealing with countries such as Japan. There is some apparent protection to be gained by taking out Russian patents on equipment that one hopes to sell, though these patents become expensive to keep extant for any length of time; in Russian invention, rewards are the rule rather than patents. There is also some prospect at least of a steady if not rapid advance in consumer standards of living inside Russia; if once that were to gather pace, Western businessmen reason that there would be widening opportunities for sales partly of consumer goods themselves but particularly of equipment and designs to make them from.

The Russian economy is run—efficiently or inefficiently, it is never possible for the West clearly to judge—to some extent like a vast single business; certainly its external trading is. The Russians will export anything that seems less important to them than something they want, regardless of the internal economics of a particular industry, which to Western eyes may look like dumping. But they will also lay hands on anything that they think worth buying that the West does better.

The first of an order of twenty trawlers for Russia, built by Brooke Marine Ltd., of Lowestoft, was erected in an orthodox manner, piece by piece. Named *Pioner*, it was launched in 1955. *Left*—The prefabricated bow unit for one of the trawlers is lifted into place by crane. In the construction of the later trawlers, a large amount of prefabrication was used. The last of the twenty, *Seskar*, was launched in May 1958

ADOLF MORATH
PHOTOGRAPHS

E.M.I.

The main production plant of the group at Hayes, Middlesex

FACTS OF THE E.M.I. FACTORIES

The E.M.I. factories at Hayes cover 150 acres and include 2,000,000 sq. ft. of factory floor space. Among the 10,000 employees are many women who are engaged in assembly. Work continues throughout the day and night.

The record factory can produce " pop records " in a matter of weeks, the fastest time so far being one week from the time of the original recording. Other records are made according to schedule, sometimes to coincide with the opening of a musical play. During the busy periods of the year the factory produces about 3,000,000 records a month. They go to all parts of the world in varying quantities. Machinery and " master " records are also made at Hayes for other E.M.I. factories throughout the world.

All long-playing records are made from synthetic materials; the flat slabs fed into the record presses being known as biscuits or granules.

Particular attention is paid to the design of sleeves—the attractive jackets in which L.P. records are sold—but these are not printed at the Hayes factories.

In the electronics division (an industry which has expanded more than any other since the war) one of the most prominent developments is colour television equipment for use in broadcasting and closed circuit; commerce; and hospitals. As well as normal television equipment, other installations made by E.M.I. include electronic business and scientific computers; electronic machinery control systems; and specially designed television cameras for inspecting nuclear reactors. In addition, the E.M.I. group at Hayes are carrying out vital defence work for the Government.

Apprentices in the Electronics Division may be University graduates or come from public, grammar or secondary modern schools.

Pictures of the Electronics Division at Hayes are on page 296

Above left : In the early stages of record production at E.M.I. the operator sprays the original cellulose disc with a solution which will produce the electro conductive silver coating before further electro-plating

On left : The picture shows the end of the moulding operation. The press has opened and the record, with its excess plastic material, has been removed. All excess material is cut off by the machine on the extreme right, and the record is then ready for its final inspection

The press is just about to close at the start of the moulding operation. Pre-heated plastic has been placed in the hot open press to be moulded by the metal stampers. These stampers have been made from master discs evolved in a series of processes from the tape taken at the time of the original recording. In the press, the two labels for the finished record are already in position. Every operation of the press is accurately timed. Before the record goes into regular production, test pressings are tried out in the quality control department

E.M.I.

The Electronics Division

On left: At Hayes, Middlesex, the engineer is completing the last circuit on the nerve-centre of an electronic brain—the EMIDEC 2400 data processing machine. This is one of the largest and fastest electronic computers in the world, and is able to handle the clerical work of the largest Government department or commercial organisation. Machines have already been ordered by the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance, and by the British Army

Below, left: A precision-built E.M.I. closed-circuit television receiver is being tested with a new oscilloscope. This is a general-purpose instrument and is used for testing equipment in research laboratories and on the factory floor. Closed-circuit television systems for transmitting pictures in black-and-white or colour are being employed in an increasing number of applications in research, industry and commerce. These include viewing dangerous processes in factories; controlling traffic during road repairs, and auditioning artists before filming television commercials

Below: An Image Orthicon Camera, one of the new range of widely-used television broadcast cameras recently introduced by E.M.I. Electronics Ltd., undergoes a final check before being despatched from the factory. The inspector is making small adjustments to ensure that a clear and undistorted image is obtained when the camera is used in a television studio or for an outside broadcast. For this purpose he makes use of the special B.B.C. test picture seen on the left

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

PANACEA IN LLANDRINDOD WELLS?

Let England boast Bath's crowded springs,
Llandrindod happier Cambria sings,
A greater though a modern name
By merit rising into fame
Let chemists bid the furnace glow
Their panacea to bestow;
While Art denies the promised aid
To sickness, by the search betrayed,
To Nature's kinder power I trust,
To Nature, ever kind and just!
To her Llandrindod I repair
And find a panacea there!
Is't asked, disdainful, "What can please
In such sequestered wilds as these?"
If russet heath, or verdant vale,
Or mountains that the skies assail
Whence pendant woods the steeps o'erlook
And downward tremble in the brook . . .
If these can charm the wistful eye
All these Llandrindod can supply.

After reading that, you would expect something special, I think, something very much out of the ordinary. So it is only fair to tell you that it was written in 1746 and that A. G. Bradley, a lover of Wales, writing in 1928, described Llandrindod Wells as "an undeniable blot."

If you go to Llandrindod—the name, by the way, is fairly modern and means "the church of the Trinity"—expecting to find a spa on the English model, gracious Regency buildings and all that, then you will be disappointed and you may even agree with Bradley. Llandrindod is a town of red brick villas and large hotels. Out of season, it is really no more than a large village; the population then is only about 3,000.

I suppose that Llandrindod's history as a spa could be said to go back to Roman times, for the Romans, with their passion for mineral waters, found a spring in the immediate neighbourhood, which they called Blanea Silures: but the modern history dates no further back than the middle of the seventeenth century. As a spa, Llandrindod has had its ups and downs; the big boom was in the last ten years or so of the eighteenth century; but it is still one of the few spas that is much used. There is the full paraphernalia of doctors, nurses, bath chairs, and so forth, and every form of spa treatment is provided.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were just two springs. They were known as "wells" even then, and you can still see on the Builth road old milestones bearing the legend "To Ye Wells." Now there are eight springs in use (the Lithia Saline spring contains more lithia than any other known spring in Europe) and the shortest course of treatment lasts for three weeks. Only one of Llandrindod's springs is free, the chalybeate —popularly "The Rock Spout."

Though the waters, taken under proper guidance, are undoubtedly exceptionally beneficial to those in need of them, I cannot help thinking that Llandrindod's air plays a big, if unadvertised part, in the restoration of health. It stands on a plateau 700 to 800 ft. above sea-level, I believe that the highest part is actually 1,000 ft., overlooking the valley of the Ithon, a tributary of the Wye, and the air is bracing, even exhilarating, and quite miraculously pure, for there is not a factory-chimney within miles.

Its situation has made it the leading inland resort of Wales, and this is quite apart from anything to do with the spa. This little place has a number of large hotels, most, it is true, closed during the winter. One has an international reputation, and during the season they are always full. The fact of the matter is that no conference can keep away from Llandrindod for very long, certainly no Welsh conference. But you may well wonder what on earth the ordinary visitor finds to do in a place like this. I confess that I have often wondered. True, there are all sorts of entertainments. There is a repertory company and a very good one, too. There are often variety shows at the Albert Hall (which I find architecturally more pleasing than its better-known namesake) and there is dancing and there are daily orchestral concerts. Being Wales, where music is part of life, they are good concerts. There is, I am told, an excellent golf course and there is one of the best bowling-greens in Britain, and, if you like, you can boat on a lake. But even this round of entertainment must soon be exhausted. You will admit that it is a pretty comprehensive one for what is virtually a village, even though a very fashionable village with good shops.

The Caban-Coch Reservoir, in the Elan Valley, one of four which supply water to Birmingham, adds to the natural beauty of the valley

The whirl of Llandrindod's social life exhausted, visitors may then explore Radnorshire. I hope so, for it is the least-populated county in England and Wales and the least known. It well repays exploration, especially for the walker. The name Radnor is said to mean "rugged roads." I do not believe it, but it is not a bad description of Radnorshire's roads, other than the main roads to-day. These, if sometimes rather narrow, are among the best-metalled in Britain. Radnorshire is not easy country, though it is very beautiful. Bradley thought it "more uniformly beautiful than Devonshire," and Shelley described it as "divine."

Life there, even to-day, is pretty hard. On the high ground there is only a very thin skin of soil over the rocks, and sometimes none at all, and most of Radnorshire is high. It can be bitterly cold in winter, the wind biting over the high bare hills, the lonely little lakes black in the pale light. But in winter it has a beauty of its own and the rushing streams, hurrying over great boulders, fill the air with music. In summer the hills are green and give a misleading impression of softness, and the air is filled with the cries of gulls. I wonder how many thousands of black-headed gulls breed in Radnorshire? At this season you should go over the old coach road from Rhayader to Aberystwyth. It's not rough nowadays, but you will probably meet no traffic at all. It goes through the high sheep country, where you will see only sheep and, if you are very lucky, perhaps a shepherd.

This is the country up above the Elan Valley towards the Cardigan border. It is to the Elan Valley that most of the visitors to Llandrindod go. This valley was said to be incredibly beautiful before the great dams were built, flooding it and making four great lakes to provide Birmingham, 75 miles away, with water. That was before my time, but I do not think that it can ever have been as beautiful as it is now. There must, when this valley was flooded to provide water for distant strangers, have been the same bitterness as there was (and is) over Tryweryn, in North Wales. In sixty years' time there will only be peace and beauty there, as there is now in the Elan Valley; though that is not much consolation to the families evicted.

Radnorshire folk have a reputation for being outspoken. They certainly were once. W. H. Howse gives two fine examples in his book on the county, taken from church registers at the time when the illegitimacy rate in the county was pretty high: "Mary Davies will be good, but God knows when," which comes from Llandrindod, and, from another register, the blunt comment, "an old offender." I do not know that they are more outspoken than country-people anywhere else. But of one thing I have no doubt: Radnorshire and Radnorshire folk have a "bundation," as they call it, of character.

BOOKS

"THE FATHER OF THE NAVY"

A Biography of Anson; a Pacific Atoll; an Australian Recalls Family Associations with St. Helena; Recent Novels Mainly by American Authors

One of our greatest naval heroes and one whose name should be as familiar as Nelson's is Anson, who can well be called the Father of the Navy. Anson it was who, preceding Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent and Nelson himself, reorganised the Fleet throughout, improved the dockyards and thereby the maintenance of the ships, revised the Naval Discipline Act, initiated a regular promotion system to flag rank and standardised uniforms. In all this as well as in his prowess as a commander at sea, and the extraordinary feat of his voyage of circumnavigation, lies Anson's fame.

In the Royal Navy, of course, there is no need of reminders and it is a distinguished Naval officer who has written the biography of ADMIRAL LORD ANSON (Cassell. 35s.), as workmanlike and comprehensive a study as might have come from the pen of the great man himself. Captain S. W. C. Pack brings his own gifts of succinct phrasing and clear thinking to his subject and his biography is in every way worthy of the great sailor. For Anson, although without doubt a brilliant administrator, was first and last a man of the sea and perhaps the peak of his career came when he commanded the Channel Fleet in the victorious First Battle of Finisterre while still on the Board of Admiralty. A man of action who had been raised in the tradition of Drake and Hawkins, Anson's early naval life reads like the tale of a buccaneer's exploits; unthinkable now, a commonplace in the mid-eighteenth century. When he sailed round the world, met fearful hardships and returned with great treasure, his mission had been to harry the Spanish American possessions and the capture of treasure galleons was an accepted part of the process. Anson's story is a thrilling as well as an impressive one and right well has Captain Pack dealt with it.

IFALUK (Museum Press. 30s.) is a tiny coral island, a mere atoll only half a square mile in extent, set in the Pacific, several hundred miles from anywhere. It forms part of a U.S. Government Protectorate and recently it has been the base of a small expedition of scientists who went to study the flora, the fauna, the inhabitants and the relationship of all three to each other. Mr. Marston Bates and Mr. Donald Abbott, respectively professors of Zoology and Biology, have written a kind of portrait of their South Sea island and even with the necessary inclusion of some technical terms and references, the conclusion the reader will reach is that life in such a place is nearly as idyllic as we have always thought it was.

It is difficult to say which of the authors writes with the greater zest about coral island existence, or which of them feels more enthusiastically about the friendliness of the island people. Primitive perhaps, but wonderfully beautiful and with a commonsensical approach to what the islanders regard as the essentials. As Mr. Abbott writes, and it is possible to detect a note of wistfulness here: "It doesn't seem likely that Ifaluk will work too hard at copra production; the people place too high a value on their leisure time to take up any regular work beyond that necessary for a living and a few extras." A lovely place, as both text and photographs show us, and a rather lovely people, too.

Dame Mabel Brookes, that immensely energetic and distinguished figure in the Australian—and cosmopolitan—scene, has written a new and highly unusual book. Its unexpected quality lies in the fact that it is a book about Napoleon, one to add to the many thousands on this great subject, and yet it has a completely original angle. For Dame Mabel is a descendant of the Balcombe family who were hosts to Napoleon during his exile on St. Helena and the story is chiefly concerned with the unlikely but charming friendship which developed between the banished Emperor and the child, Betsy Balcombe.

MISS REBECCA WEST, the distinguished political writer and essayist. She recently returned to Britain after spending three months in South Africa on a special investigation for *The Sunday Times*. Her reports on the crisis, which are entitled "In the Cauldron of Africa," have been appearing in that newspaper

ST. HELENA STORY (Heinemann. 30s.) shows Betsy as the tomboy she apparently was, no respecter of persons, even if they were imperial persons, and happily borrowing Napoleon's horse to ride to local race meetings, or accepting his advice on clothes with considerable equanimity. Dame Mabel has not only written of this phase with spirit and intelligence; she has done immense research, has visited Longwood and has provided illustrations of notable antiquarian interest.

The most impressive novels that I have read this week have been, with one exception, American, which ought to have a beneficial effect on Anglo-American relations. THE HERO CONTINUES (Hart-Davies. 15s.) is a very interesting novel and is a stimulating one in the sense that the story gives one to think instead of lulling one. Mr. Donald Windham writes about a talented man who, as the tale opens, is a failure, flopping about in friends' apartments wherever he can find a bed or a drink or a loan. By a near-miraculous chance a play of his is produced on Broadway, he becomes a success in terms of money, acclaim and popularity and even his friendships seem to prosper.

Then, insidiously, the rot begins to set in and the essentially fair-minded, kindly, affectionate being realises that he has to fight—however incomprehensible the fight seems to those closest to him—against the corrupting influence of the success itself. This is a most intelligent and sensitive novel, in which every line contributes to the effect the author has wished to convey.

BLOW UP A STORM (Heinemann. 18s.) is a first novel, but it is the work of an experienced writer. Amongst other things Mr. Garson Kanin wrote *Born Yesterday*, one of the funniest plays to raise our post-war spirits in London and New York. Now, in a long and lively novel, he tells the story of a jazz

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A BOLD WARSHIP

Exploits of the "Prince Eugen"

Fritz Otto Busch is quite lyrical in his appreciation of the German heavy cruiser *Prince Eugen* which, launched from the Krupp Germania works in Kiel in August 1938, survived the perils of the war to suffer the fate of surrender and disintegration as an atom-bomb target on the coral reef of a South Sea island. Herr Busch, the German naval historian, sees the ship entrancing all by her grace and rhythm, and one gets the feeling that he wants the ship to be appreciated and understood in this way, despite the barriers of war and national pride. The extraordinary thing is that the author succeeds in his purpose, and THE STORY OF THE PRINCE EUGEN (Robert Hale. 18s.) in some measure evokes both interest and admiration.

We first see the *Prince Eugen* breaking out through the Denmark Strait on that historic dash with the *Bismarck*, both bent on commerce raiding in the Atlantic. When that dream faded in the face of British naval might (massed for the onslaught on the *Bismarck*), the *Prince Eugen* became a sitting target for the bombers which came daily over Brest. Later she was the participant in a bold break-through up Channel with *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, when all three hoodwinked the British defences, and reached Germany.

Fritz Otto Busch appears to have had no uncertainties with regard to the acceptability of his heroine, the *Prince Eugen*. Rather the same can be said of C. E. Lucas Phillips, who in writing THE SPANISH PIMPERNEL (Heinemann. 18s.), presents as his hero Captain Christopher Lance, D.S.O., who saved so many men, women and children from the firing squads during the days of the Spanish Civil War. There is no doubt about it that Lance did rescue many people on both sides of the conflict, for the most part convoying them through from Madrid to the waiting British warships in Alicante. Time and time again Lance revealed superb audacity, and the cheerful buffoon in the check jacket who concealed such resourcefulness and daring beneath that deceptive inanity became almost a legendary figure in the Spanish peninsula. What one cannot quite agree with is the extent to which this Pimpernel had put himself above the turmoil and the heat of the day to carry on his crusade of rescue. One thing stands out beyond all question, however, the tremendous courage of Captain Lance.

Edouard Roditi is an accomplished linguist, and a born interviewer. Thus equipped he has ventured into the studies and the homes of some of the leading artists of our time, and drawn them out in a series of intimate discussions that reveal backgrounds and personalities in a wonderfully clear way. DIALOGUES ON ART (Secker and Warburg. 30s.) is a delightful book full of surprises, not least the interview with Chagall who recalls the art world of pre-Revolution Russia and some of the great names in Petersburg.

The latest addition to the New Naturalist series is H. H. Swinnerton's FOSSILS (Collins. 30s.). The author is Professor Emeritus at the University of Nottingham, and his work there has earned him wide recognition in the geological world. This is not merely a text-book, but a straightforward historical account of fossils; they are classified, described and explained with a number of splendid illustrations.

A NURSERY IN THE NINETIES (Oxford University Press. 30s.) now makes its bow in a new edition. Eleanor Farjeon's delightful book first saw the light of day in 1935, and as a portrait of a gifted and charming family in the Victorian age it can have few equals. Some excellent photographs from the Farjeon family album add to the pleasure of this new edition.

R. C. E.

band, how it was born, how it grew and how it died. The narrator, a successful playwright visiting Chicago where his actress wife is playing, has a telephone call which recalls the past and in a long flashback he relives the years when he, too, was in jazz, a tolerable saxophonist and a more than competent arranger.

It is reasonable to suppose that there are people who believe that they can have a perfectly satisfying life, both socially and intellectually, without reading about the white and the coloured musicians in a small jazz band, but Mr. Kanin has made this musical and human saga extraordinarily gripping and has given it a true story-teller's compulsion. Certainly, it is a book to enjoy, occasionally to be touched by and often to laugh at. Which may not be good grammar but is good advice.

A FEVER IN THE BLOOD (Macmillan. 18s.) deals with that singular and powerful phenomenon, the American politician with big ambitions. The principal character in Mr. William Pearson's novel has no doubts at all about the direction he is taking. " God help me! I want to be the President of the United States. And God willing, I 'm going to be." So speaks a crusading District Attorney in a drink-candid moment when he realises that a certain conviction, achieved by him, might win the Democratic nomination to the Governorship of his State. And, after the Governorship —who knows?

The devious doings of American politics are not always comprehensible to us over here. Mr. Pearson naturally takes it for granted that the reader will know what he is talking about and such is his confidence and the power of his straightforward writing that indeed the reader is whirled along quite happily in his wake.

NOT A WORD ABOUT NIGHTINGALES (Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.) is a very different affair, an elegant, quietly witty story about the two startling years sandwiched into the lives of an American don and his wife. Placidly married and placidly content with their daughter, their beautiful house, their antiques and their social arrangements, the beginning of the don's sabbatical year seems to present no problems beyond deciding which Italian art galleries to visit. But suddenly the husband is out of character. He elects to stay in Perugia and, when his wife returns to America without him, he takes a mistress, grows a bushy moustache, and revels in sunshine and undemanding company. After two years he shaves off the moustache and comes home, his wife having ended her own slightly professorial love affair conveniently, and there they both are, almost back where they started. Mrs. Maureen Howard is a really delightful writer and I look forward to reading anything else she writes, from novels to potted autobiographies in which she describes herself as twenty-nine and hoping to remain so.

Mr. Michael Hastings, author of THE FRAUDS (W. H. Allen. 15s.), although only just twenty-one years old, writes with the force and vigour of many a more established novelist. His second book is set in South London among a collection of people not particularly notable for continence, cleanliness or sobriety; recognisable types or, in other words, human beings. Mr. Hastings in his writing takes no moral stand about them all, only, in spite of his apparent detachment, a slightly emotional one. His observation is acute, his sympathies warmly evident and the result is a series of interiors something in the manner of the late Sir Stanley Spencer.

CELIA GARTH (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is this week's example of a lusty historical novel, in this case set in South Carolina during the American War of Independence and rich with local detail and the excitement of the cause. Miss Gwen Bristow does this kind of thing excellently and imbues her story with the fervour of a good American who has never forgotten that the British redcoats stole the bells of St. Michael's, Charleston. **Vernon Fane**

THEATRE

Dilys Hamlett (Adela Quested) drops her cup. Left is Zia Mohyeddin (Dr. Aziz) and right Enid Lorimer (Mrs. Moore) and Norman Wooland (Mr. Fielding)

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

at the Comedy Theatre

E. M. Forster's celebrated novel is dated 1923. Its picture of Anglo-Indian relations remains apposite to-day, as is shown in Miss Santha Rama Rau's stage adaptation. The story of the trouble caused by Dr. Aziz's eager attempts at friendship with the sahibs and memsahibs is told in four scenes—his friend Mr. Fielding's tea party, his fatal picnic at the Marabar cave, the scene in the club when Mr. Fielding does not believe that Dr. Aziz could have insulted Miss Quested in the cave, and the trial. Frank Hauser's production has a strong cast, brilliantly led by the young Pakistani actor, Zia Mohyeddin.

Zia Mohyeddin talks to Dilys Hamlett during the disastrous picnic in the hills at the Marabar cave

Norman Wooland and Zia Mohyeddin in the final scene of the play after Dr. Aziz has been acquitted

MOTORING

CHANNEL TUNNELLING

Are Oil Companies Blinding Motorists with Science? And other Topics

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

Motorists have a special interest in the Channel Tunnel project. If England and France were linked in this way there would be an enormous increase in Continental touring by British car owners and it is expected that many more motorists would bring their cars over from the Continent for holidays in Britain. Even with the existing sea and air-car ferry services there has been a tremendous jump in traffic since the war. According to Sir Brian Robertson, head of the British Transport Commission, nearly 300,000 cars and coaches were handled at Dover last year and 90,000 cars passed through the airports at Lydd (Kent) and Southend (Essex).

These figures relate only to holiday cars, accompanied by their owners. A large number of new export cars were also transported by ship and aircraft in both directions. But it is necessary to point out that the figures I have quoted relate to movements in both directions across the Channel.

To find the approximate number of holiday cars taken abroad (and brought home again) by British motorists visiting the Continent and by Continental drivers coming to England it is necessary to divide my figures by two. The A.A. supplied foreign touring documents for 165,000 cars all told compared with only 45,000 in 1950.

Yet here we have the Channel Tunnel Study Group, in the report they published the other day, blithely talking about carrying 1,800 cars per hour on special rail trucks through the projected "Chunnel." The tunnel would cost £109,000,000 and could not be in use for at least seven years for it will probably take the British and French Governments twelve months to make up their minds whether or not they want a tunnel. If they approve the idea it would be another year before work could start and the actual construction would take five years.

After studying, over a period of two-and-a-half years, the relative merits of road tunnel, rail tunnel and Channel bridge, the international group (British, French and American interests were represented on it) came out strongly in favour of a rail tunnel consisting of two one-way "tubes." They say it could be provided either by boring under the Channel or by lowering prefabricated units into dredged channels. The tunnel would run from a point near Dover to a point near Calais. It would be 32 miles long, including 23 miles under the sea. The Study Group suggests the tunnel should be owned by a single international company set up under an Anglo-French treaty and operated jointly by British and French railways.

On the financial side the Study Group stated: "In view of the difficulties and magnitude of the project the conclusion has been reached that if it is desired that the undertaking be financed exclusively by private capital, then various assurances would have to be forthcoming without which private capital could not be expected to run the risks involved." I personally would like to see a tunnel built. Its value in helping to develop trade between Britain and the Continent would be enormous (whatever happens about the Sixes and Sevens), but I have an unpleasant feeling that the French and British Governments will not sanction the idea.

The Ford Motor Co. is using an electronic computer at its huge parts depot at Aveley, Essex, to speed the supply of spares to all parts of the world. The Aveley depot was built at a cost of £2,000,000 under the company's recently-completed £75,000,000 expansion programme. In the four years since the depot came into operation the number of different parts stocked has increased from 35,000 to 46,000. In the same period the daily tonnage of material shipped to all parts of the world has grown from 100 to 160 tons. In recent months an electronic computer of the latest type has been used more and more in the preparation of customer despatch and invoice documents covering demands for more than 5,000,000 order items a year.

I have just made effective use of the latest service offered to motorists in London. I pulled up at a Blue Star garage in north-west London, put sixpence in a slot machine and for three minutes had the use of a vacuum cleaner to make the inside of my car more presentable. This newest slot-machine device is called the Vacmobile and I predict that it will soon be installed at many garages in Britain. "Exhaustive tests have proved that the interior of even the largest saloon car can be adequately cleaned out in three minutes," said Mr. Jeffrey Sass, managing director of the firm which has developed this latest motoring novelty. He gives full credit for the idea to his wife Sheila, who drew the first rough sketches of the machine.

I rather fancy the oil companies are trying to blind motorists with science. Two leading firms have recently announced new lubricants. One is Shell X-100 Multigrade. The other is Regent's New Advanced Havoline. The virtues claimed for these oils are so great that one wonders how the makers had the nerve to offer for sale the earlier lubricants to which they are allegedly so vastly superior!

More seriously, I sometimes wonder if motorists are really impressed by the complicated technical descriptions with which these new lubricants are announced. If Shell put an oil on the market motorists know it will be good. The same can be said of Regent. But I wonder how many motorists can memorise the rather complicated names given to the new lubricants announced from time to time or how many would bother to ask for them by their technical names even if they could remember?

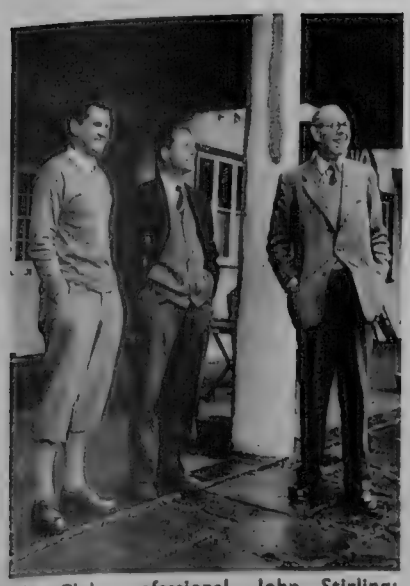
Regent claim that their New Advanced Havoline is highly detergent and that it contains new oxidation inhibitors as well as alkaline additives in order to reduce corrosion. Incidentally, it costs a penny a pint more. Shell are ingeniously plugging their new X-100 Multigrade by painting lurid pictures of what happens inside an engine using metallic additives. These, they say, reduce engine efficiency and economy by leaving an ash deposit on valves, pistons and plugs. "The new Shell X-100 Multigrade," claim the Shell company, "has additives that do all the good things that metallic additives do. But they are non-metallic and they leave no ash."

In any case, how many motorists could, offhand, give a clear definition of a multigrade oil? Shell define it simply: "It is an oil whose thickness does not vary so much with temperature changes. It doesn't have to be warmed up before it does a proper job in your engine." I think you will have got my point by now. But let me make myself perfectly clear. I am convinced that engine lubricants have been enormously improved during the last few years by the use of additives and other means. But the oil companies, in extolling their virtues, make me wonder how the engines of our cars have managed to keep going in the past!

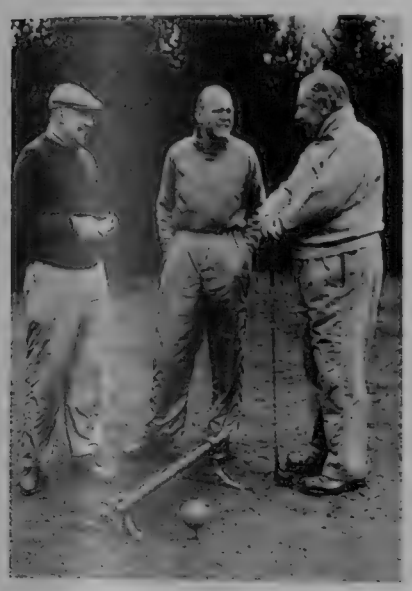
The purpose of the Chevrolet experimental XP-700, introduced at the International Auto Show in New York, is to test ideas of advanced design and safety devices. The fibre-glass body, placed on a conventional Corvette chassis, is only 4 ft. high. Features of the car include a bubble-type roof, brake-cooling air-scoops, and a periscope-type rear-vision mirror

In a quiet, unobtrusive way Britain's Road Research Laboratory does a great deal of little-known work to make motoring safer, more reliable, less expensive—and less frustrating. One example of this which came to light recently was the research work they have been doing to make traffic lights more efficient by cutting out needless delays and "tailoring" them to an infinite number of different traffic patterns. This aspect of the Laboratory's work was spotlighted by news that one of their brilliant young physicists—Dr. Vernon Webster—has been given the £500 Wolfe Award for outstanding work in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Dr. Webster's research has covered the general settings of traffic signals. It has also included the use of signals on high-speed roads and at traffic roundabouts. Regarding the high-speed case Dr. Webster told me: "A long-distance mat will measure the speed of a car passing over it and an electronic 'brain' will calculate how long the car will take to reach the point at which it can no longer stop in safety if the lights changed to red. The 'brain' takes over the control of the lights and sees that they stay green until the car is safely over."



The Club professional, John Stirling; Club Captain Henry Dumas; and the Secretary, Mr. E. W. St. G. Spencer



Mr. A. S. G. Scott, Mr. R. Davie, and Mr. J. C. Gamble

The 18th green at the Woking Golf Club

Mr. Charles Snelling on the course

Mr. N. J. Kimber, Mr. P. Holdsworth Hunt, and Lord Chelsea

Sir Norman Brook putts on the 18th

Mr. A. M. Grover, Mr. D. M. Thompson, Mr. Plumbe, and Mr. Webb

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

WOKING

The Club was founded in 1893, making it one of the older clubs round London. In one respect, it antedates any of the others, for it was the first of the courses to be fashioned out of this typical countryside—sandy soil, with a profusion of heather and fir trees. Until the 1890's golf tended to be rather muddy, being played on converted meadows or parklands, with the exception of the courses situated on commons. Before the Woking Golf Club constructed its course, it had apparently not been realised that delicate grass for the greens would grow where heather had been. Originally founded for members of the Bar, the scope of the Club was soon enlarged. It still retains something of a sense of privacy. Never going out of its way to court public competitions, it has only two annual competition days of its own.

The distinctive character of the course is owed perhaps most to one man, the late Mr. Stuart Paton. He lived on the edge of the course and was always seeking improvements. Woking is not a long course by modern standards—6,431 yards: bogey 75. It has many holes of two-shot length and the heather is always lying in wait for the wild shot. Over the years this sandy, dry course has changed little in general outline since its early days, except for the present 13th.

The 10th is "a hole of eminently horrific character," according to Mr. Bernard Darwin, the Club's President, who has recorded the official chronicle of the course. From the tee, there is either a drive over a big diagonal bunker or one to the left of the hazard, which leaves a more difficult second. But wherever it is played, the second presents its problems. The green is on a narrow plateau, with traps for the unwary on either side and disaster behind.

JOHN CONNELL

AMERICA'S MIDDLE EAST DILEMMA

Between the brief flare-up in February on the Israeli-Syrian border and the end of April, the Middle East was relatively tranquil. King Hussein of Jordan was able to pay several visits outside his own country; the notorious Colonel Mahdawi, President of the People's Court in Bagdad, seemed to be in eclipse; the main source of uneasiness remained the steady build-up of arms by the United Arab Republic, but, on the whole, the past two months were one of the quietest periods that this troublous region has known for many years.

Now, however, there has been a rumble of warning, too insistent to be disregarded. There was displayed last week, at the entrance to the Suez Canal, on the battered pedestal from above which the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps has been removed, a large notice in English, which read: "Arab workers are strong and can hit back violently." Whom was this intended to intimidate? For once, Britain was not the chief culprit in Arab eyes. For once, hostile propaganda and hostile action were aimed directly and solely at the United States. Washington's consequent embarrassment and perplexity were ruefully obvious.

It would be churlish not to feel a twinge of sympathy with the United States Government, confronted with the familiar, insoluble problem which faced successive British Governments in those far-off

Egyptian dock-workers hold up a placard in the boat in which they are picketing the American ship *Sir John Franklin* in Port Said. The boycott of American shipping in the U.A.R. was retaliation for the picketing of an Egyptian vessel in New York

days when Britain exercised hegemony in the Middle East. No amount of political or diplomatic legerdemain, and no amount of economic and financial aid can effect a reconciliation between the totally irreconcilable. We, the British, underwent a number of painful repetitions of this lesson during the forty years of our close association with the Middle East as a paramount Power.

The United States, says *The Times* Correspondent in Washington accurately enough, walks a tightrope in its Middle Eastern policy. That tightrope has been given a nasty jerk. The source of the trouble is that major question of principle in international relations: is the Suez Canal to be open to ships of all nations, or is it to be subjected to the caprices and prejudices of the Egyptian Government? The Suez crisis and its aftermath, in 1956-57, left this question unanswered, mainly because the United States Government wanted it so.

Israeli ships and ships of other nations bound to and from Israel were denied passage through the Canal before the Suez crisis; they have been repeatedly denied it since the Suez crisis. Vessels have been impounded, their cargoes confiscated, and their crews imprisoned and maltreated. For years the Egyptians have got away with these piratical practices, disregarding all protests, and all United Nations condemnatory resolutions. The idea of freedom of navigation has been allowed to become a dead letter. This has been part of the price that the Western Powers have had to pay for appeasing—or attempting to appease—the United Arab Republic.

Tardily, but with some effect, opinion has been roused in the United States. An Egyptian merchant ship, the *Cleopatra*, was picketed for more than a fortnight in New York Harbour by the Seafarers' International Union, with the support of the International Longshoremen's Association. These two unions are far from negligible, and they claim that the Arabs' boycott of American ships which trade or have traded with Israel has been costing their members jobs.

Almost simultaneously, in the Senate in Washington, Senator Paul Douglas was able to muster strong support for an amendment to the current Foreign Aid Appropriations Bill, which gave the President authority to deny American aid, if he thought fit, to any nation obstructing the free navigation of international waterways. The success which attended Senator Douglas's amendment—it was supported by the chief Democratic contenders for the Presidency—greatly alarmed the Arabophiles of the State Department, and evoked a passionately critical speech from Senator Fulbright, the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Senator Fulbright angrily described the Douglas amendment as the work of a small pro-Israel pressure group, and as an effort to inject the Arab-Israel dispute into American domestic politics. As such, he said, it was "part of a pattern which I find disastrous to the functioning of our constitutional system. . . . In what is probably the most delicate international situation which exists in the world to-day 180,000,000 Americans find their foreign policy being whipsawed by an irresponsible maritime union and by a minority pressure group. . . . In recent years we have seen the rise of organisations dedicated apparently not to America but to foreign States and groups. The conduct of foreign policy for America has been seriously compromised by this development."

Those strong words, with (to British ears) their curious echoes of Ernest Bevin, were not enough to conciliate the Arabs' resentment and hostility towards any reaction against their anti-Israel boycott. Promptly the boycott was extended to embrace all American ships, and there were indications that American aircraft might be similarly affected. The implications of the Arab attitude, both politically and economically, were too serious to be ignored; and the nature of the American dilemma was ruthlessly exposed.

America's Middle Eastern policy ever since the Suez crisis has been based on two assumptions: first, that it is essential to guard the Middle East from Communist penetration as far as possible, despite the obvious and formidable Soviet inroads that have already been made; and, second, that a lavish use of economic aid will reduce tensions and make Communist exploitation of such tensions less profitable. This has meant that the Administration, though seeking to avoid open condonation of the Arab boycott of Israel, has striven also to avoid any action which might upset the Arabs. This, in a different mode and a new and wider setting, is a repetition of the policy which brought Britain so much humiliation and so many defeats in the years from 1917 onwards.

There is a sad irony in the spectacle of the U.S. State Department making precisely the same errors as the British Foreign and Colonial Offices. With the British, the main impulse was a pitiable kind of adolescent romanticism in politics. This is not an American malady; the Americans fear Communism, desperately desire to be liked, and believe that, if they are generous enough and patient enough, Communism will be defeated, and they, and their way of life, will be loved.

But in the United States, as in Britain for several years before the Suez crisis, public opinion is ahead of and out of step with official policy. Despite all Senator Fulbright's eloquence, despite a long, weighty letter of advice from Mr. Douglas Dillon, Acting Secretary of State, setting out all the Administration's objections to Senator Douglas's motion, the Senate early last week refused to withdraw it. And the picketing of the *Cleopatra* continued.

I believe the majority in the Senate and the two New York unions to be right, and the State Department to be timorous, disingenuous and wrong. The issue of free passage through the Suez Canal must be faced, and the sooner the better. This is not a matter of mere academic legalism; it is sheer practical politics. I am not in the least impressed by Mr. Dillon's sophistical argument that "coercive tactics" against Israel's opponents are not in Israel's own interests.

This was the argument deployed again and again by the British authorities in Palestine, under the Mandate, when they wished the Jewish community to submit tamely to a new series of Arab threats and demands. "We must never, never do anything which might upset the Arabs," was the dominant *motif* of British policy in the Middle East for well over thirty years; and it was a bold officer or civilian official who defied it. We know now that this policy, of which the 1939 White Paper was the apotheosis, was wrong as well as foolish and cowardly.

In 1948 the then British Government tried its hardest to prevent the State of Israel from coming into existence; the then American Government gave its enthusiastic recognition and support to the infant State. Now the roles are not precisely reversed; but Israel is well established, self-confident and strong within her own borders; the British have no authority and no influence in the Middle East, and the United States is in a moral and practical dilemma which is the result of her own confused and illogical policy.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ANTI-AMERICAN STUDENT DEMONSTRATIONS IN TOKYO

Left: A number of students push against a car during demonstrations in the Japanese Capital. Protests against the security treaty with the United States while it was being debated in Parliament led to riots in Tokyo. These involved about 6,000 members of the extreme Left-wing Zengakuren Student Federation. Their protests took the form of trying to break into the Diet compounds. A number of students and police were injured. The demonstrations were organised by the Association of Left-wing Bodies, including the Socialist Party and Sohyo (General Council of Trade Unions). It was estimated that nearly 2,000,000 people wrote letters and signed petitions to the Diet, protesting against the U.S.—Japan Treaty

FRIENDS FROM COLLEGE DAYS

GENERAL FRANCO IN A RARE PUBLIC APPEARANCE

Left: General Franco waves from his car as he enters Barcelona with full ceremonial. At the end of April he started on a three-week tour of Catalonia. Before he left, General Franco announced a number of changes in the Cabinet. Spanish sources stated these were the result of disagreements in the Government over proposals to stabilise the Spanish economy

Far left: Cardinal Cerejeira, the Patriarch of Lisbon, talks with Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Prime Minister, at the latter's home in the capital of Portugal. They were meeting on Dr. Salazar's seventy-first birthday. The Cardinal and the Prime Minister are old friends. They shared rooms as students at Coimbra University

SHOT DOWN IN RUSSIA

M. ROBERT ABDESSALAM

Left: A Muslim Deputy from Algiers, M. Robert Abdessalam, was wounded when he was fired on by two men near the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, last week. His police bodyguard was killed. M. Abdessalam supports a policy of the closest links between France and Algeria. He is a former French Davis Cup player. One of his alleged assailants is reported to have told the police he acted under Algerian Nationalist orders

Far left: The picture received by radio from Moscow is stated to show the wreckage of an American aircraft shot down in Russia near the Turkish border. Addressing the Supreme Soviet on May 5, Mr. Khrushchev announced the incident occurred on May 1 and that the aircraft was operating from Turkey. The Soviet Prime Minister alleged that it was the second time the Russian frontier had been violated by the American Air Force within the past month

SIR MILTON MARGAI SPEAKS AT THE SIERRA LEONE CONFERENCE

Right: The proceedings of the Sierra Leone Constitutional Conference at Lancaster House, in London, were conducted throughout their two weeks in an atmosphere of friendliness and accord. At the final meeting Sir Milton Margai, the Prime Minister of Sierra Leone, spoke for many of the delegates when he said he was only restrained from dancing for joy out of respect for Mr. Macleod, who was presiding. On April 27 next year the West African Colony and Protectorate (population 1,860,000) will become independent. On this question of date, the Sierra Leonians, who had asked for December 7 this year as Independence Day, had apparently willingly met the British proposal. Britain is to give financial assistance totalling £7,500,000 in the form of loans, grants and technical aid to Sierra Leone

U.N. MISSION IN MTWARA, TANGANYIKA

AT A TEXTILE FACTORY

Right: A four-man United Nations mission recently completed a three-week tour of Tanganyika. Far-reaching constitutional reforms to give the Trust Territory self-government were announced by the British authorities earlier this year. The members of the U.N. mission were Ambassador Mason Sears, of the United States (he is seen in the picture of the textile factory); Mr. Paul Edmonds of New Zealand; Señor Miguel Solano Lopez, of Paraguay (both are seen at Mtwara), and Ambassador Omar Loutfi, of the United Arab Republic. They made extensive journeys through the country and all four were reported to be loud in the praise of its administration, which they regarded as an example to the world. In Dar-es-Salaam, Ambassador Sears, Sir Richard Turnbull, the Governor of Tanganyika, and Mayor Amri Abedi toured the city on bicycles

DR. RHEE IN RETIREMENT

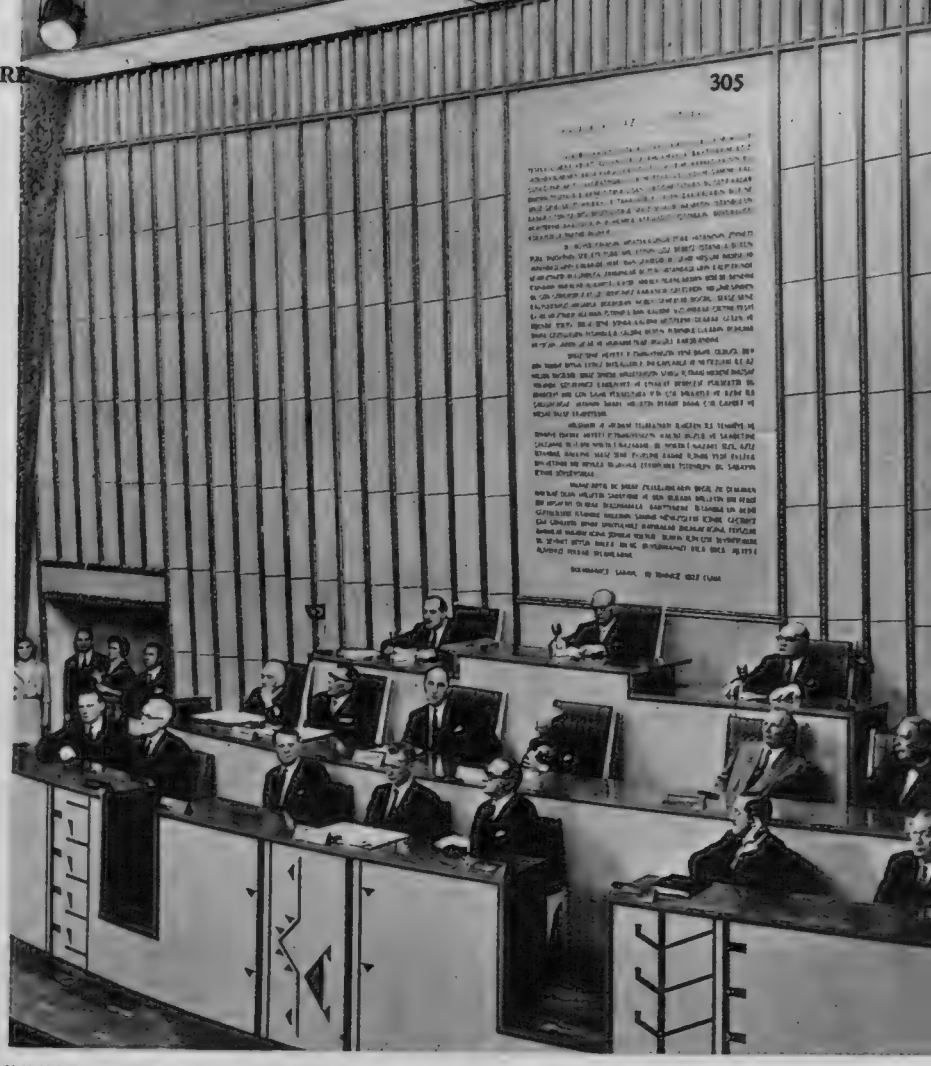
KOREA'S CARETAKER PREMIER

Right: Demonstrations continued in the main cities of South Korea last week after the resignation of Dr. Syngman Rhee from the Presidency and the formation of a Caretaker Cabinet by Mr. Huh Chung. It seemed that the demonstrators wanted the reforms promised by Mr. Chung to be speeded up. Mr. Chung had announced that the present Assembly was to be dissolved at the end of next month and new elections held in July. Meanwhile, the constitution was to be revised to provide a more responsible governmental system. (Dr. Rhee, as President, had held almost supreme powers.) Various proposals were being mooted by the two main parties, the Liberals and the Democrats. Dr. Syngman Rhee made his first public appearance since his retirement when he attended the funeral of Lee Ki Poong, the Vice-President-elect, and his family, who had reportedly died as a result of a suicide pact

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Right: Meeting in Istanbul last week, the NATO Council reached agreement on the two main subjects—disarmament and Germany—to be discussed at the Summit in Paris on May 16. A statement declared the Council welcomed the prospect of negotiations with the Soviet Union and hoped they would lead to improved international relations. The statement went on to "regret the unwillingness which the Soviet side has so far shown to discuss specific measures of disarmament." Reference was also made to the formula of "peaceful co-existence" being unsatisfactory. Under cover of this formula, Russia was continuing propaganda attacks on individual members of the NATO Alliance. At a Press conference, M. Spaak, the Secretary-General, said NATO wanted real co-operation between East and West, not negative co-existence

M. COUVE DE MURVILLE (FRANCE) TALKS WITH HERR BRENTANO (WEST GERMANY) AT THE NATO COUNCIL. *BELOW* ARE SIGNOR SEGNI (LEFT) OF ITALY AND M. SCHAUS (LUXEMBURG)



THE NATO COUNCIL IN CONFERENCE IN THE MUNICIPAL PALACE IN ISTANBUL

Right and Below: Strong forces surrounded the Municipal Palace in Istanbul while the NATO sessions were in progress. On the first day a large crowd gathered outside the building and shouted for the resignation of Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister. At the same time sympathy for the opponents of the Menderes regime was shown in New York. Demonstrators, mostly Turkish students in America, marched to the United Nations Building. Before the NATO Conference ended the situation was quieter in Istanbul, but martial law continued. Although many of those in the anti-Menderes movement were young, its central figure was seventy-five-year-old ex-President Ismet Inonu, the sole survivor from Kemal Ataturk's "old guard"

ON GUARD IN ISTANBUL

ANTI-MENDERES DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK

TWO ASPECTS OF RIOTS IN ISTANBUL

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AUCTIONING TWO WATER-COLOURS BY ADOLF HITLER

Left: At Sotheby's last week, in an auction which included a number of important Impressionist pictures, two water-colours by Adolf Hitler were sold. Although there was no violent demonstration, a dignified protest was registered by Mr. Jacques O'Hana, who said that the pictures should not be on sale. Mr. Peter Wilson, the auctioneer, explained that the former owner, Mrs. Monica Fischer, would give half the proceeds to the World Refugee Year Fund and that Sotheby's would hand over their commission to the same cause. One water-colour, of the Karlskirche in Vienna (*left*), fetched £320, and the other of the Parliament and Ringstrasse, £280. Both were bought for Lord Bath

MARLENE DIETRICH BACK IN BERLIN

OPEN-AIR ART IN LONDON

Left: Mr. John Upton sits with his family, in front of one of his paintings in the thirteenth annual display of pictures in the Victoria Embankment Gardens, London. Over 1,000 paintings are on show in the exhibition, which ends to-day, May 14. There has been uproar among the artists, some of whom have claimed that their pictures had been moved before the opening day. There are 130 pitches for the exhibition. Some are balloted for, but the others go to those who arrive first

Far left: At the end of her first show in Berlin since 1931, Marlene Dietrich shakes hands with Hildegard Neff, the German film star. After the opening night last week, Marlene Dietrich received a long ovation, but outside the theatre people carried banners telling her to go home. The Berlin-born American star was accused of having anti-German views in the 1930's

MR. BUTLER BECOMES THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY

Left: At the ceremony of the installation of the new Chancellor at Sheffield, in the front row are Mr. Chuter Ede, M.P.; Sir John Cockcroft; the Prime Minister of the Federation of Nigeria, Alhaji Abubakar Tafawa Balewa; Mr. R. A. Butler; Dr. C. V. Wedgwood; the Bishop of Chelmsford; and Sir William Hodge, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Mr. G. Young, senior pro-Chancellor of the University, recalled in his installation address that the new Chancellor, Mr. Butler, was no stranger to Sheffield. In 1955, he had received from the late Lord Halifax an honorary doctorate of law. Mr. Young, referring to the conduct of the election, contrasted it favourably to that of the recent election at another place. In his reply, Mr. Butler also referred slyly to Mr. Macmillan's election at Oxford, saying he could not speak Latin. "In the words of my cousin, the poet Charles Sorley, we cannot all write a strange dead tongue the same as strange dead men did long ago." The Nigerian Prime Minister spoke on behalf of all those who had received honorary doctorates of law

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Red Square in Moscow is a mass of banners and workers' processions during the May Day parade

MAY DAY

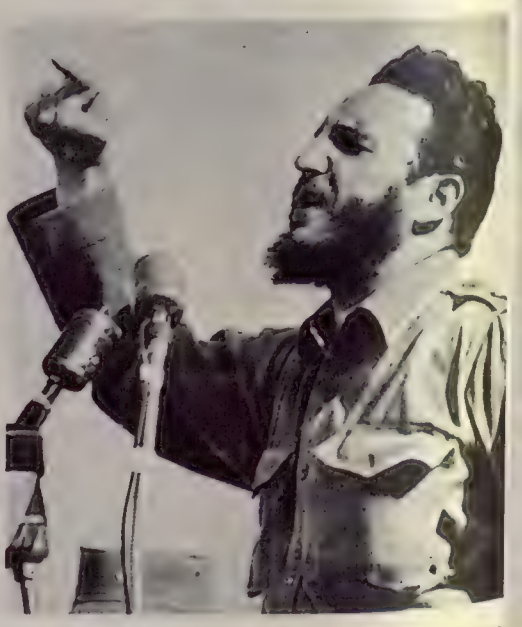
In Moscow; Belgrade; West Berlin; Havana

International Labour Day saw crowds in many capitals watching the traditional demonstrations of solidarity, whether synthetic or real. In **Moscow**, where rocket weapons and atomic guns were on show, Marshal Zakharov, former Soviet Commander in East Germany, took the place of Marshal Sokolovsky, former Chief of the General Staff, who has resigned. This was only one of a number of changes among the Russian leaders. It appeared to be a major reorganisation of the Communist Party leadership and the Soviet "Cabinet." Mr. Kozlov was replaced as First Deputy Prime Minister by Mr. Kosygin, who becomes one of Mr. Khrushchev's closest advisers. Another promotion was that of Madame Furtseva, who became Minister of Culture. In **West Berlin**, the May Day Parade, attended by hundreds of thousands of people, was an outstanding success. It was addressed by Herr Brandt, the Chief Burgomaster. His popularity has greatly increased his chances of being nominated as the Social Democrat candidate and Dr. Adenauer's opponent for the Chancellorship in next year's elections. In **Havana**, Dr. Castro, the Cuban Premier, delivered yet another violent attack on the United States, lasting nearly four hours and broadcast over the island on television and radio.

In Red Square are Mr. Kozlov, Madame Furtseva, and Mr. Mikoyan

President Tito watches the celebrations in Belgrade

Herr Willy Brandt, Chief Burgomaster of Berlin, addresses the crowds



Dr. Castro, the Cuban Premier, speaks in Havana

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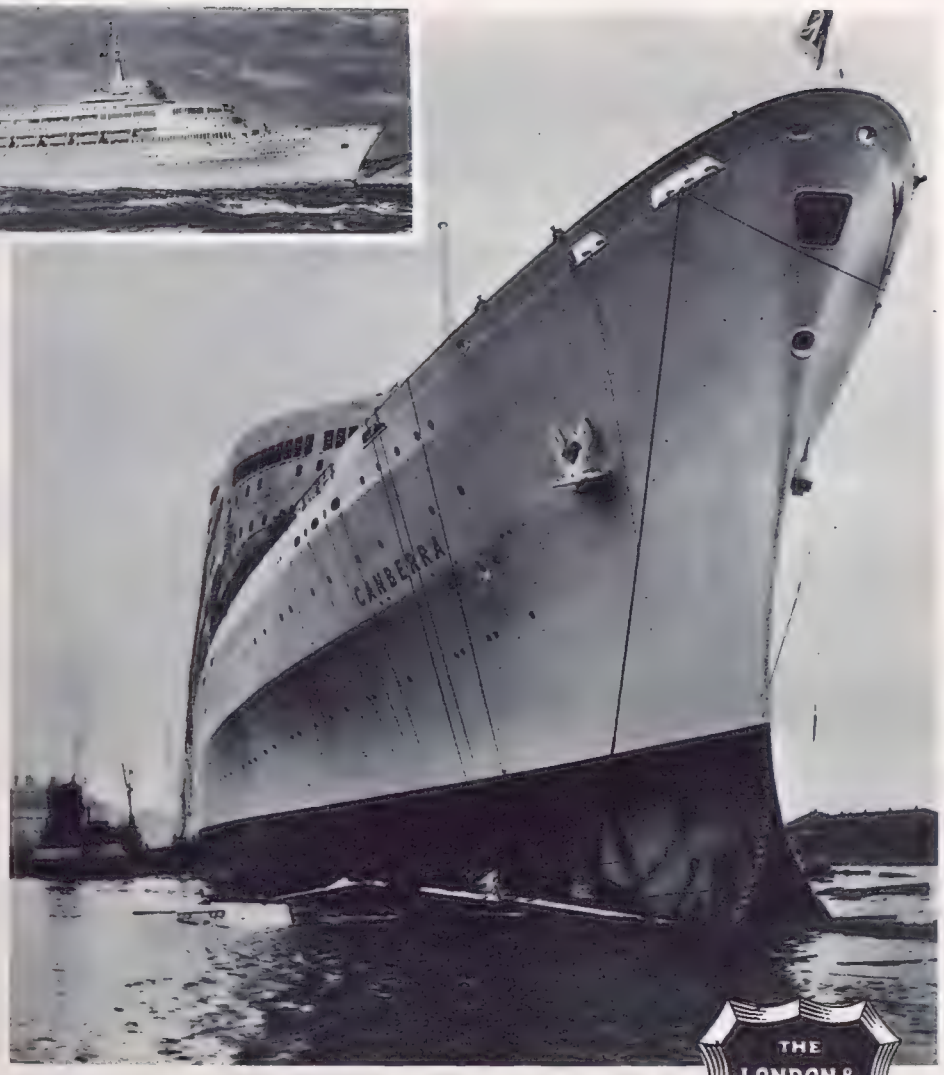

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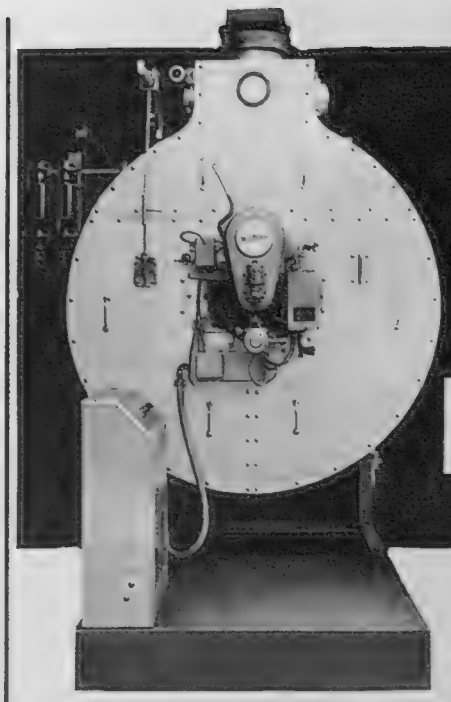

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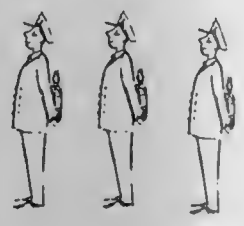

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On February 27, 1960, the day after their engagement, Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones were photographed together at Royal Lodge, Windsor, where they were spending the week-end with the Queen Mother. Press photographers visited the newly-engaged couple and took several pictures including this one in colour. In the grounds of Royal Lodge, the Queen Mother joined her younger daughter and future son-in-law for an informal group. On the next day, when the Queen Mother accompanied the Princess and Mr. Armstrong-Jones to church, they were joined by the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Anne and Princess Andrew of Greece who were staying at Windsor Castle. The Queen and her infant son, Prince Andrew, were at Buckingham Palace. Royal Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, was the private residence of King George VI. It had been given to him by King George V in 1932. When the house was rearranged for the late king, only one large room was left in the style of the early nineteenth century when it was used by the Prince Regent, later George IV. Standing in the grounds of Royal Lodge is the miniature house which the people of Wales presented to Princess Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth) in 1932.

For some years now it has been the custom of members of the Royal Family to have special official photographs taken to commemorate outstanding Royal events at home and abroad. In the spring of 1958, Princess Margaret sat for Cecil Beaton, who took pictures of Her Royal Highness just before she left for her tour of the West Indies. This photograph was taken in the drawing-room of Clarence House, and shows the Princess in a gown of cream tulle and gold lace, with turquoise necklace and ear-rings. Clarence House, which adjoins St. James's Palace, became the London residence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret shortly after the accession of the present Queen. When they took up residence there, Queen Mary was living in Marlborough House. In the West Indies, the Princess was the Queen's special representative at the inauguration of the Federal Legislature of the West Indian Federation, the ceremony taking place in the Red House, the Legislative Council Building in Port of Spain, Trinidad. During her extensive tour Princess Margaret became the first member of the Royal Family to visit British Honduras. She fulfilled a number of engagements including the opening of the North Circular road which she named as " Princess Margaret's Highway." Cecil Beaton has been one of the regular photographers of members of the Royal Family for many years. Among his most recent Royal pictures were those of the infant Prince Andrew, which he took a few weeks ago.

The three-quarter-length portrait of Princess Margaret, painted by the Italian artist, Pietro Annigoni, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in summer 1958. The Princess wears a simple white dress with a dark stole of taffeta, which drapes from one shoulder; she wears no jewellery. The background is typical of the artist. For this portrait Her Royal Highness gave Signor Annigoni fifteen sittings at Clarence House and a further six sittings at the artist's London studio. Annigoni's portrait of the Queen, which he painted for the Fishmongers' Company, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1955; his portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh, also for the Fishmongers', was shown at Burlington House in 1957.

In the summer of 1959, when Princess Margaret was preparing to celebrate her twenty-ninth birthday on August 21, the special photographs to mark the occasion were taken by Antony Armstrong-Jones. He visited the Princess at Royal Lodge, Windsor, and took this portrait in colour. It shows the Princess wearing an evening dress in two shades of pink taffeta with a white satin stole and a pearl necklace. It was at Royal Lodge a few months later that the Princess and her fiancé were photographed together as they read the first messages of congratulation on the occasion of their engagement. They were spending the week-end there with the Queen Mother when the announcement was made from Clarence House. It stated that the Queen had gladly given her consent to the betrothal. From Buckingham Palace it was reported that Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh were " delighted." The newly-engaged couple made their first official appearance together a few days later when they attended a gala performance of ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. In succeeding weeks they attended several charity performances at various theatres. On each occasion they received a warm welcome from the public. At the time of the announcement of the engagement it was stated that Mr. Armstrong-Jones had given up his career as a professional photographer. He vacated his studio in Pimlico Road, S.W., and at the invitation of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went to live at Buckingham Palace, where he could be in touch with those making arrangements for the wedding. Early last month he was present at various functions when the Queen and the Duke entertained President de Gaulle during his State visit.

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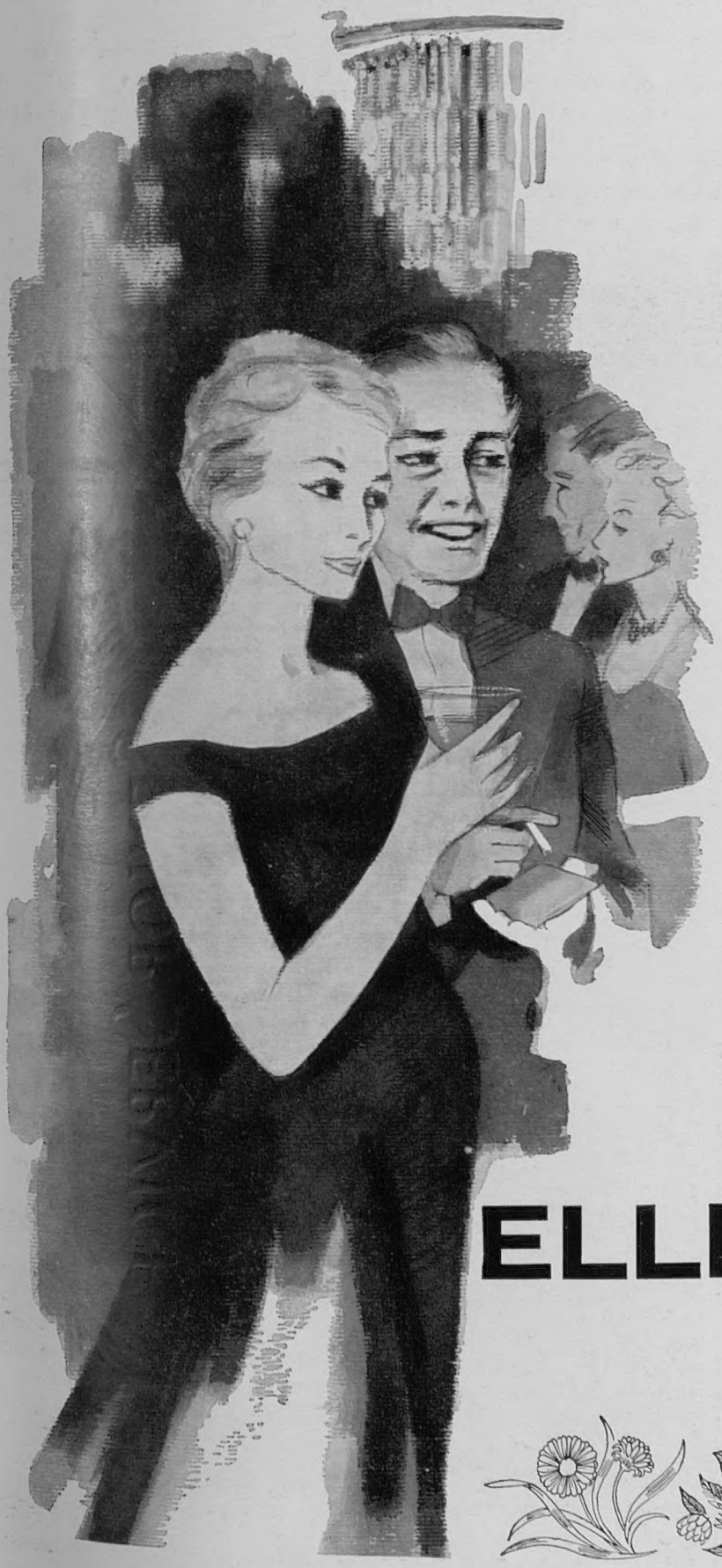

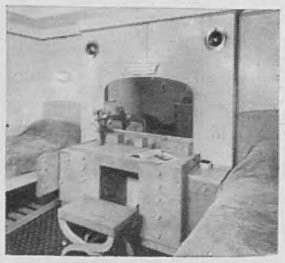

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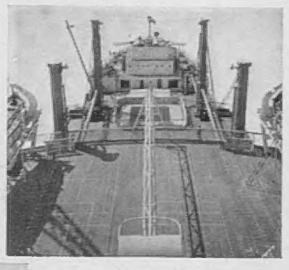

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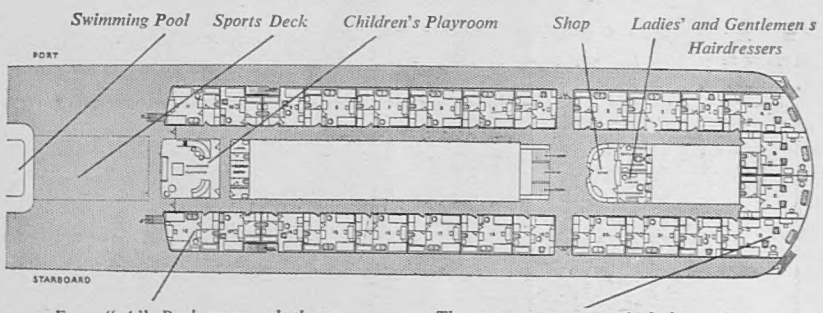

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